



2686h

HISTORY
OF
Charles the Great
AND
Orlando,

ASCRIBED TO ARCHBISHOP TURPIN;

*Translated from the Latin in
SPANHEIM'S LIVES OF ECCLESIASTICAL WRITERS:*

TOGETHER WITH THE
MOST CELEBRATED ANCIENT

Spanish Ballads

RELATING TO THE
TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE,
MENTIONED IN DON QUIXOTE;

WITH
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,

By THOMAS RODD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

222205
4. 28
16.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET,
LONG ACRE; AND T. BOOSEY, OLD BROAD STREET.

1812.

James Compton, Printer, Middle Street,
Cloth Fair, London.

CONTENTS TO VOL. II.

OF THE

Spanish Ballads.

<i>The Ancient Ballad of Montesinos and Oliveros.</i>	1
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Palmer or Pilgrim...</i>	33
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Prince Baldwin.....</i>	44
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i>	
Part I	55
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i>	
Part II.....	123
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i>	
Part III.....	163
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Marquis of Mantua,</i>	
Part IV.....	179
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Gayferos.....</i>	185
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Count Claros of Mont-</i>	
<i>alban</i>	237
<i>Ancient Ballad of Montesinos, &c. Part I.....</i>	275
<i>Ballad of Montesinos and Durandarte, Part II.</i>	281
<i>Ballad of Montesinos and Durandarte, Part III.</i>	289
<i>The Ancient Ballad of Montesinos and Belerma,</i>	
Part IV.....	293
<i>Ballad of Belerma, Part V.....</i>	301
<i>Ballad of Bertram's Father.....</i>	305
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Battle of Roncesvalles.</i>	309
<i>The Ancient Ballad of the Cid and Moorish</i>	
<i>King, who lost Valencia.....</i>	325

ERRATUM.

Page 197, line 15, for

“With his hand Bayarte harness'd,”
read

“Brillador himself he harness'd.”

Brillador was the name of Orlando's horse, Bayarte of Rinaldo's.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OR
MONTESINOS AND OLIVEROS.

THIS Ballad records a battle between two Knights about a Lady, who might, for ought I know, be a very modest woman; a matter that seems, indeed, perfectly indifferent to our modern Knights, who frequently squabble about ladies that have no pretensions to the title.

ROMANCE de la BATALLA

DE

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS.

EN las salas de París,
 En el palacio sagrado
 Donde está el Emperador
 Con su Imperial estado ;
 Donde están todos los Doce,
 Que à una mesa se han juntado ;

Obispos y Arzobispos,
 Y una Patriarca honrado.
 Despues que huvieran comido,
 Y las mesas se han alzado,

Yà se levanta la gente,
 Todos se iban passeando
 Por una sala muy grande,
 Unos con otros hablando.

Unos hablan de batallas,
 Que les han acostumbrado,
 Hablaban otros de amores,
 Los que son enamorados.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
MONTESINOS AND OLIVEROS.

IN the rich saloons of Paris,
Where the Emp'rор holds his seat,
And the Twelve, at one round table
Who the same rich viands eat ;

Where Archbishops sit and Bishops,
And an honor'd Patriarch too ;
After they had din'd in splendor,
From the banquet they withdrew.

Then, in sev'ral parties joining,
Through the fair saloon they walk,
And, a thousand subjects starting,
Long in friendly converse talk.

Martial deeds of fame and glory
Please the ancient warrior's ear ;
But the charms of love and beauty
Amorous youth delights to hear.

MONTESINOS Y OLIVEROS.

Montesinos, y Oliveros
Mal se quieren en zelado,
Con palabras injuriosas
Oliveros ha hablado :

Las palabras que decia
De esta suerte ha comenzado,

Montesinos, Montesinos,
Quanto hâ que os he rogado,
Que de amores de Aliarda
No tuviesses cuidado ?

Que no sois para servirla,
Ni para ser su criado,
Sino por el Emperador,
Yo os huviera castigado.

Montesinos, que esto oyera,
Tuvose por injuriado ;
La respuesta que le diò
Era de hombre esforzado.

Buen caballero Oliveros,
Mucho estoy maravillado,
Siendo hombre de linage,
Y entre buenos bien criado,

Two amongst these noble Barons
With a jealous passion burn,
When, to Montesinos speaking,
Thus does Oliveros turn ;

These injurious accents breathing,—

“ Patience now is nighly o'er ;
“ You must think of Aliarda,
“ Of the lovely maid, no more.

“ Montesinos, Montesinos,
“ Long I've begg'd you to desist,
“ But I see for mild entreaty
“ Little does your bosom list.

“ All unfit to be her servant,
“ Dares your heart to love aspire ?
“ But that I respect the Emp'rор,
“ You had felt my sharpest ire.”

When the warrior heard this insult,
Sore it mov'd his gen'rous breast ;
Like a brave man boldly answ'ring,
Thus his choler he express'd :—

“ Well I know you are a Chieftain
“ Of high valour and reuown,
“ And that you are deem'd an honor
“ To our gracious Emp'rор's crown.

Deshonrarme vos à mi
Podia ser escusado,

Que si yo tuviera espada,
Como vos teneis al lado,
La palabra que haveis dicho
Bien la huvierades pagado.

Oliveros que esto oyera,
A la espada puso mano,
Fuese para Montesinos,
Como hombre muy ayrado.

Montesinos no tiene armas,
Baxò luego del palacio,
Los ojos puestos al cielo
Juramento iba echando,

De nunca vestir loriga,
Ni subir en su caballo,
Ni comer pan en manteles,
Ni nunca entrar en poblado,

“ Once I thought your courteous breeding

“ Answer’d to your noble birth,

“ But this rude behaviour lessens

“ All your former fancy’d worth.

“ What could move you to affront me

“ In this base injurious way ?

“ Can you think that manly courage

“ Such insulting words display ?

“ Had I but a sword, believe me

“ Soon I would the wrong chastise,

“ And henceforth another’s valour

“ Teach you better how to prize.”

Uprose fiercely Oliveros,

And his sword resentful drew ;

Then, to Montesinos turning,

Like a man distracted flew.

Montesinos idly stays not,

For, unarm’d, he cou’d not fight ;

But, the palace steps descending,

Up to heav’n directs his sight ;

Not to change his garments swearing,

Nor ride forth to take the air ;

Bread to eat in town or village,

Or be seen in gala there :

Yà se parte el mensagero
Con las cartas que le ha dado,
En el Palacio Real
A Oliveros ha hallado,

Con muy grande reverencia
El Page le ha llamado.
Oliveros es discreto,
Y hombre muy bien criado,
Apartòse con el Page
En un lugar apartado,
Preguntòle què queria,
O quien le havia embiado.
El Page quando esto oyò,
Las cartas le huvo dado,
Oliveros, que las vido,
Dixo que èl daria el recaudo.
Yà se parte el Pagecito,
Yà se sale de palacio.
El plazo que Montesinos
A Oliveros huvo dado,
Fue quatro horas de tiempo,
Que le aguardarà en el campo,
Y si al plazo no viniere,
Por traydor serà llamado.

El acudiò de tal suerte,
Que seis horas han passado,
Tanto aguarda Montesinos,
Que estaba yà enojado.
Mientras en el campo anda
A Oliveros esperando,
Allì vino un caballero
Que llamaban Don Reynaldo;

Now to Oliveros bending,
Swift the Page pursues his way,
At the royal palace finds him
Sitting unconcern'd and gay.

Lowly then he bows before him.
When he saw the Page appear,
Oliveros, briskly rising,
Did apart his errand hear.

“ Montesinos sends this letter,
“ And an answer prompt requires.”
“ I myself,” cries he, “ will bear it,
“ And attend as he desires.”

Four hours distance from the city
Was the destin'd spot assigu'd ;
In that time did Montesinos
His appointed presence bind,

If he came not, for a coward
He wou'd then his honor blast ;
But so slow was Oliveros,
That full six were come and past.

High enrag'd rides Montesinos,
Thus to find his patience try'd ;
But, while waiting fast toward him,
Some approaching Knight espy'd.

Que de linage era su primo,
 Y en la voluntad hermano;
 Las palabras que le dixo
 Este tenor han llevado:

Montesinos, Montesinos,
 Què haceis mi primo hermano,
 Que segun del modo os veo,
 Vos estais muy enojado

Alguno os desafio,
 Y vos lo estais esperando,
 Y yo no siento otra cosa
 Para que assi esteis armado.

Montesinos, que esto oyera,
 Tal respuesta le hivo dado;
 La causa que assi me halleis,
 Y os la contare de grado;
 Un presente me traxeron,
 Y en èl vino este caballo,
 El primer dia que viene
 Ha de ser muy bien probado.
 Yo por ver que tal es este,
 He subido en èl armado.
 Don Reynaldos que esto oyera,
 Esta respuesta le ha dado;
 Montesinos, Montesinos,
 Vuestro hablar es escusado,
 Vos à mi no me negueis,
 Porque estais desafiado.

"Twas his cousin, brave Rinaldo,
And in love no friend so dear :
What he said to Montesinos
When he spoke you soon shall hear.

" Montesinos, great my wonder
" Thus alone to see you stray !
" Something must have sore displeas'd you,
" For your motions wrath display.

" Have you sent some Knight a challenge,
" And is this th' appointed place ?
" As I find you arm'd, it strikes me
" This must surely be the case."

Thus reply'd the gallant warrior,
When Rinaldo he address'd,—
" I receiv'd a noble present,
" And this steed among the rest;

" And it is my constant custom,
" When I have a charger new,
" Forth to ride equipp'd in armour,
" Just to prove what he can do."

" Ah ! my friend," to Montesinos
Brave Rinaldo thus reply'd,
" Such excuses falsely making,
" May I not in justice chide ?

Montesinos entendió
Que se lo ha barruntado,
Luego sin mas dilacion
La verdad le huvo contado:

Vos sabreis mi Señor primo,
Que yo dentro del palacio,
Yo, y vuestro primo Oliveros,
Andabamos passeando,

Y de unas à otras razones,
El me ha mal injuriado,
Diciendo que de Aliarda
No tuviese mas cuidado,

Que no era para servirla,
Ni para ser su criado.
Que si mirado no huviera
Al gran Emperador Carlos,
Que per enojo que le hice,
Yà me huviera castigado.

Yo le dixe que hablaba
Mal, y muy desmesurado,
El su manto se embarazò,
Y su espada huvo sacado.

“ Plainly do I see some challenge
“ Leads you forth with courage bold.”

Montesinos then replying,
All the truth precisely told.

“ In the palace Oliveros
“ And myself together walk’d,
“ When in high injurious language
“ On a sudden thus he talk’d :

“ ‘ Montesinos, Montesinos,
“ ‘ Patience now is nearly o’er ;
“ ‘ You must think of Aliarda,
“ ‘ Of the lovely maid, no more.

“ ‘ All unfit to be her servant,
“ ‘ Dares your heart to love aspire ?
“ ‘ But that I respect the Emperor,
“ ‘ You had felt my sharpest ire.’

“ ‘ What,’ cry’d I, ‘ can make you treat me
“ ‘ In this base injurious way ?
“ ‘ Can you think that manly courage
“ ‘ Such insulting words display ?’

“ Uprose he in bitter fury,
“ And his sword resentful drew ;
“ Then towards me like a maniac
“ With a desp’rate purpose flew.

Yo hallandome sin espada,
 Baxeme del Real Palacio,
 Fuime para mi posada
 Muy triste, y mas enojado.

Armeme con estas armas
 En que me hallais armado,
 Cartas le embiè à Oliveros
 Que le aguardaba en el campo.

Quattro horas le dì de tiempo
 Que le estaria aguardando,
 Y si en estas no viniessen,
 Por traydor seria llamado.
 Passados son quattro horas,
 Y aun dos han passado.

Don Reynaldos, que esto oyò,
 Tal respuesta le ha dado :
 Si quereis vos Montesinos,
 Yo irè presto à llamarlo :

Si no lo quiere oír de boca,
 Se lo dirè con las manos.
 Y si no quiere venir
 Para vos, y mi sean quattro.

Ellos estando en aquesto,
 Oliveros ha llegado,
 No como hombre de pelea,
 Sino como enamorado.

“ I, forsooth, no sword possessing,
 “ Did not chuse t’ await the blow,
 “ But, towards my palace turning,
 “ Sent a challenge to the foe.

“ Then I arm’d, as now you see me,
 “ Mounting on my gen’rous steed,
 “ And, th’ appointed distance measuring,
 “ Did in timely hour proceed.

“ Four hours ride did I allow him,
 “ Or I shou’d his honor blast :
 “ In this spot have I been waiting,
 “ And full six are come and past.”

When Rinaldo heard the story,
 What he said will soon appear :
 “ Montesinos, if you wish me,
 “ I myself will bring him here ;

“ Or if he refuse to listen,
 “ I will call him no true Knight :
 “ He will then appoint some warrior,
 “ And we shall be four to fight.”

Whilst the cousins were conversing,
 Oliveros came in view ;
 Not indeed equipp’d for battle
 Seem’d his robes of warlike hue :

El viene muy gentil hombre,
 Mas tambien muy bien armado ;
 En llegando à Montesinos,
 Desta suerte le ha hablado :

Montesinos, Montesinos,
 Què es de tì traydor probado,
 Que la fe que tu me diste
 Hasmela muy mal guardado.
 Dixiste estarias solo,
 Y hallote acompañado.

Montesinos que esto oyò,
 Tal respuesta le huvo dado,
 Oliveros, Oliveros,
 Desto no esteis enojado ;

Que si compañía tengo,
 Vos cierto lo haveis causado :
 Si vinierades à tiempo
 Del plazo que os huve dado,
 La compañía que tengo
 No la huvieredes hallado.

Que por cosa de desdicha
 El me hallò aquí armado ;
 El me preguntò, què havìa ?
 Yo bien me huve escusado.

Mas por importunacion,
 Sabed que le he contado
 Lo que està entre vos, y mi,
 Y el caso como ha passado.

But beneath his silken vesture
Arms of mighty strength he wore ;
And thus cry'd to Montesinos,
When the Chief he stood before :—

“ Who's the traitor now, confess it ?
“ Who hath thus his falsehood shewn ?
“ Company he brings, yet promis'd
“ I should find him here alone.”

“ Oliveros,” cry'd the warrior,
“ Let not this your choler move ;
“ That I am no base-born traitor
“ Shall both words and actions prove.

“ Had you but attended better
“ At th' appointed time and ground,
“ Nor Rinaldo, nor another,
“ But me, only, had you found.

“ When he saw me arm'd, he question'd
“ What strange cause had led me there ;
“ And, at first the truth denying,
“ I reply'd some other care.

“ But, importunately asking
“ From his questions to be free,
“ I related all the matter
“ That hath pass'd 'tween you and me.

Mas yo haré juramento
 Dende vos querais tomarlo,
 Que por esta compañía
 No sereis perjudicado ;

Sino que èl se irà à París,
 Quedemonos en el canipo.
 Placeme dixo Oliveros
 Desto que haveis hablado.

Reynaldos se entrò en París,
 Y ellos quedan en el campo,
 Ibanse de par en par,
 Y juntos lado por lado,
 Hasta llegar à la huerta,
 Donde el campo se havia dado.

Despues que dentro se vieron,
 Montesinos ha hablado ;
 Ahora es tiempo Oliveros
 Se vea el mas esforzado.

Vase el uno para el otro,
 Recios encuentros se han dado,
 Los golpes han sido tales,
 Que entrambos se han derribado.

Media hora y mas estuvieron,
 Que ninguno ha hablado ;
 Yà despues que esto passò
 Montesinos levantado
 Para Oliveros se fue,
 Desta suerte le ha hablado.

“ But I swear that from his presence

“ Shall no secret injury rise :

“ Knight that can so far be guilty,

“ Ev’ry bosom must despise.

“ Let him, then, return to Paris,

“ And let us remain alone.”

“ Be it so,” cry’d Oliveros,

“ Then our courage shall be known.”

Back to Paris speeds Rinaldo,

While the warriors, side by side,

Gallop to the field of battle,

Where their valor must be try’d.

“ Now then,” Montesinos boldly

To his fellow Chief exclaim’d ;

“ Now’s the time to prove your courage,

“ Long in arms so highly fam’d !”

Furious then they joust together

With so rude and fierce a blow,

That, each other firmly striking,

Thund’ring to the ground they throw.

Half an hour it was and better

Ere recov’ring either spoke ;

Till at length brave Montesinos

Rising, thus the silence broke :—

Buen caballero no esteis
Por tan poco desmayado;

Echemos manos à las bachas,
Pues las lanzas se han quebrado.
Oliveros, que esto oyera,
Muy presto fue levantado;

Danse muy terribles golpes,
Que presto se han desarmado.
Las piezas de los arneses
Vereis rodar por el campo.

Oliveros que esto vido,
Desta suerte le ha hablado:
Echad mano à vuestra espada,
Pues que yà estais desarmado.
Montesinos que esto oyera,
Presto la espada ha sacado;

Danse tan crueles golpes,
Que se han mal aparejado,
Ellos estando en aquello
Un cazador ha llegado
Quiso ponerse entre ellos,
Y haule mal amenazado,

Que si entre ellos se pusiesse,
Serià muy maltratado.
El cazador que esto oyera,
Medio muerto, y espantado,
Se partiò para París,
Grandes voces iba dando.

“ Oliveros, vaunt no longer
“ You’re so bold a Cavalier,
“ If this trifling fall dismay you,
“ And your bosom sink with fear.

“ As our lances both are shiver’d,
“ To our axes we’ll repair.”

At these words stout Oliveros
Does again the combat dare.

Forth their axes fly, and desp’rate,
Rude, and fearful, are the blows,
Till their armour, hew’d to pieces,
All the ground in fragments strews.

From their hands the axes flying,
“ Now,” cry they, “ let valor shine !
“ Chief, draw forth thy gleaming faulchion,
“ As thou seest me draw forth mine.”

Thus, with savage fury fighting,
Ne’er was such a combat seen ;
When by chance a Hunter, passing,
Would have thrust himself between ;

But, a furious threat receiving,
On the spot he dar’d not stay,
And, towards the city posting,
To the palace bent his way.

Que es de ti el Emperador,
Oy pierdes todo tu Estado,

Oy entre los Doce Pares
Veo gran ruido arnado,
Y el Imperio de París
Todo està escandalizado.

Oyde el Emperador,
Aunque estaba en su palacio ;
Mandò luego que llamassen
Al que lo tal iba hablando,

Y à do està el Emperador,
El cazador ha llegado,
Las palabras que le dice,
Con gran temor las ha hablado.

Señor, sepa vuestra Alteza,
Que yo andando cazando,
En la huerta de San Dionís,
Acaso yo he hallado

A Montesinos, y Oliveros
Que se havian desafiado,
La sangre que de ellos corre
Tiñe las yervas del campo :

To the Emp'ror loudly shouting,
Thus th' affrighted Hunter cries,
" Noble King, the news I bear you
" Will your royal ear surprise.

" This fair kingdom's near its ruin,
" For its Peers are met in arms:
" Paris, at the tumult grieving,
" Rings with deep and dire alarms."

In his palace sat the Emp'ror,
But the Hunter's voice he heard;
Who, before his presence summon'd,
With a trembling step appear'd.

" Friend," demands the Emp'ror, " tell us
" Why these strange alarms you spread?"
" Let your Highness deign to listen,"
Humbly then, the Hunter said.

" Near St. Denis, whilst pursuing
" The diversions of the chase,
" Two of your brave Peers were battling,
" Fierce as lions on the place.

" Montesinos one, the other
" Oliveros, high renown'd;
" Streams of blood about 'em flowing,
" Stain with crimson all the ground.

Y si ellos no son yà muertos
Seràn mal aparejados.

El Emperador en oírlo
Presto en caballo ha puyado,
Con todos los caballeros,
Que presentes se han hallado.

De Oliveros iba un primo,
Y tambien iba su hermano,
Y el Padre de Montesinos,
Esse Conde Don Grimaltos.

Cada qual tiene parientes,
Iban escandalizados.
El Emperador, que esto vido,
Pregonar luego ha mandado,

Que de mano, ni de lengua
Ninguno sea ossado
De tratar descortesia,
Ni hacer desaguisado ;

Y èl que question rebolviesse
Fuesse luego degollado.

“ If not slain since there I left them,
“ They are now in desp’rate plight,
“ For the eye hath never witness’d
“ Such a cruel bloody fight.”

For his steed the Emp’ror shouting,
Gallops off with double speed ;
All the other Nobles present
With him to the spot proceed.

First rides Oliveros’ cousin,
And his gallant brother too ;
Next rides Montesinos’ father,
And towards St. Denis flew.

Friends and parents deeply grieving
At this new disaster rag’d ;
But the Emp’ror, calmly arguing,
Soon their mutual wrath assuag’d ;

And aloud proclaim’d that no one
Should by speech or deed repair
To rude wrangling for this mischief,
But with gentle love forbear ;

That, too, whosoe’er transgressing,
Should this scene of scandal spread,
And again recur to battle,
Shou’d that instant lose his head.

Por miedo de aquel pregon,
 Cada qual es bien criado ;
 En llegando à la huerta
 El Emperador ha entrado ;

Por el rastro de la sangre
 Los caballeros ha hallado,
 Caido à una parte el uno,
 Y el otro al otro lado.

Llamò à sus caballeros,
 Que lo han acompañado :
 Quando la gente los vió
 Comenzò hacer gran llanto ;

Unos dicen, hay mi primo,
 Otros dicen, hay mi hermano,
 El Conde Grimaltos dice,
 Hay mi hijo tan amado.

Quando el Emperador vió
 Su pueblo escandalizado,
 Mando que traxassen andas
 En que lleven à recado
 Aquellos dos caballeros
 Que tan mal se havian parado :
 Y los lleven à Paris,
 Dentro el Real Palacio ;
 Doctores y Cirujanos,
 Que vengan luego à curarlos.

Thus preventing future quarrels,
When they heard him thus exclaim,
Riding in a mass together,
Near the spot the Nobles came.

By the tracks of blood the Emp'ror
Soon the bleeding warriors found,
Close beside each other lying
Helpless on the hostile ground.

Each brave Cavalier attending,
Then aloud he summon'd near :
Grief afflicts their gen'rous bosoms
When the mangl'd Knights appear.

" O my brave son, Montesinos!"
Weeping, good Count Grimwald cry'd :
" O my cousin ! O my brother!"
Oliveros' friends reply'd.

When he saw the fatal bloodshed,
Sore it griev'd the Emp'ror's heart,
And, two litters then commanding,
Either Chief was laid apart.

To his palace he permits them
Both the wounded Chiefs to bear,
Where, their dismal gashes viewing,
Skilful surg'ons dress with care :

Por miedo de aquel pregon,
 Cada qual es bien criado ;
 En llegando à la huerta
 El Emperador ha entrado ;

Por el rastro de la sangre
 Los caballeros ha hallado,
 Caído à una parte el uno,
 Y el otro al otro lado.

Llamò à sus caballeros,
 Que lo han acompañado :
 Quando la gente los vido
 Comenzò hacer gran llanto ;

Unos dicen, hay mi primo,
 Otros dicen, hay mi hermano,
 El Conde Grimaltos dice,
 Hay mi hijo tan amado.

Quando el Emperador viò
 Su pueblo escandalizado,
 Mandò que traxassen andas
 En que lleven à recado
 Aquellos dos caballeros
 Que tan mal se havian parado :
 Y los lleven à París,
 Dentro el Real Palacio ;
 Doctores y Cirujanos,
 Que vengan luego à curarlos.

Thus preventing future quarrels,
When they heard him thus exclaim,
Riding in a mass together,
Near the spot the Nobles came.

By the tracks of blood the Emp'ror
Soon the bleeding warriors found,
Close beside each other lying
Helpless on the hostile ground.

Each brave Cavalier attending,
Then aloud he summon'd near;
Grief afflicts their gen'rous bosoms
When the mangl'd Knights appear.

“ O my brave son, Montesinos !”
Weeping, good Count Grimwald cry'd ;
“ O my cousin ! O my brother !”
Oliveros' friends reply'd.

When he saw the fatal bloodshed,
Sore it griev'd the Emp'ror's heart,
And, two litters then commanding,
Either Chief was laid apart.

To his palace he permits them
Both the wounded Chiefs to bear,
Where, their dismal gashes viewing,
Skilful surg'ons dress with care ;

Fue la voluntad divina,
 Que à poco tiempo passado
 Les hallan gran mejoria,
 Que se han mucho remediado.

Yà sanos los caballeros,
 Porque Dios les ha ayudado,
 Mandò el Emperador Carlos,
 Que amigos hayan quedado.

Casados con sendas damas
 Las mas lindas de palacio,
 Y pusoles grandes penas,
 Que ninguno sea osado
 De hablar con Aliarda
 En publico, ni en celado.

Y à quien esto quebrantasse,
 De la vida sea privado ;
 Assi quedaron amigos,
 Y el Imperio sossegado.

Luego Aliarda casò
 Con un caballero honrado,
 Todos quedaron contentos
 Con mucha paz en su estado.



Such the will of heav'n, that neither
Of these hardy Knights shou'd die,
But, ere long their wounds recov'ring,
Join in friendship's happy tie :

For the Emp'ror, interposing,
Future quarrels to restrain,
When he saw them both recover'd,
And in peace abroad again ;

Marry'd each to some sweet lady
Of the noblest, young and fair,
And to speak to Aliarda
Bade them on their lives forbear ;

That whoever disobey'd him,
Might his sure displeasure dread,
And for his audacious boldness
Lose at once his guilty head.

Aliarda then was wedded
To a brave and noble Knight ;
Thus sweet peace, on all sides reigning,
Gilds the hours from morn to night.

ROMANCE

DEL

PALMERO.

DE Merida sale el Palmero
De Merida essa Ciudad,
Los pies llevaba descalzos,
Las uñas corriendo sangre.

Una esclavina trae rota,
Que no vale un real,
Y debaxo lleva otra,
Que bien vale una Ciudad.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

THE PALMER OR PILGRIM.

THESE Ballads run counter to true history in allowing Charlemagne but one son and one daughter, as he left seven daughters behind him, and one legitimate son, Lewis the Desbonnaire, who succeeded him in the kingdom and empire. Charles and Pepin, to each of whom he had given the regal dignity, as well as to Lewis, both died three years before him, in the year of our Lord 811.

FORTH the youthful Palmer sallies
From fair Merida the strong ;
Both his feet with blood are streaming,
As unshod he walks along,

All in rags ; a garment wearing
In its value nought esteem'd,
But beneath it one concealing
Worth a royal city deem'd :

Que ni el Rey, ni Emperador
No alcanzaban otro tal ;
Camino lleva derecho
De París essa Ciudad.
No pregunta por Meson,
Ni menos por Hospital ;
Pregunta por los palacios
Del Rey Carlos donde està.
Un Portero està à la puerta
Comenzòle de hablar,
Decidme tu el Portero,
El Rey Carlos donde està ?
El Portero que lo vido
Mucho maravillado se ha,
Como un Romero tan pobre
Por el Rey vâ a preguntar.
Digasmelo Señor,
De esso no tengáis pesar :
En Missa esta el Emperador,
Allà en San Juan de Letràn.
Que dice Missa un Arzobispo,
Y predica un Cardenal.
El Palmero que lo oyera,
Ibase para San Juan ;
En entrando por la puerta,
Bien oíreis lo que harà.
Humillòse a Dios del Cielo,
Y à Santa Maria su Madre ;
Humillòse al Arzobispo,
Humillòse al Cardinal,
Porque decia la Missa,
Sacrificio Celestial.

King nor Emperor could buy it.

To fair Paris strait he bends ;
Inn nor hospital he asks for,
Only where the King attends.

At the palace gates arriving,
To a Porter he exclaim'd,
“ Tell me, Porter, where's the Emp'rор,
“ Where the King so highly fam'd ?”

Long the Porter stood admiring
What the message he cou'd bring,
Wond'ring that so poor a Palmer
Should request to see the King.

“ Be not so surpris'd,” good Porter,
“ Let my dress unnotic'd pass.”
“ At the Lat'ran is the Emp'rор ;
“ An Archbishop says the Mass ;

“ And a Cardinal is preaching.”
Now behold the Palmer go ;
When the holy church he enter'd,
What he did you soon shall know.

To his God he bent right humbly,
And the Virgin Mother too,
To the Cardinal and th' Archbishop,
Who the holy rites pursue.

Humillòse al Emperador,
 Y à su corona Real,
 Humillòse a los Doce,
 Que à una mesa comen pan.

No se humilla à Oliveros,
 Ni menos à Don Roldan,
 Porque un sobrino que tiene
 Entre los Moros està,

Y pudiendolo hacer
 No le van à rescatar.
 Como aquesto oyò Oliveros,
 Y el buen Paladin Roldan,

Sacan ambos las espadas
 Para el Palmero se van;
 Con su bordón el Palmero
 Su cuerpo fuera à guardar.

Allí hablò el Emperador,
 Bien oíreis lo que dirà,
 Tate, tate Oliveros,
 Tate, tate Don Roldan,
 O este Palmero es loco,
 O viene de sangre Real.

Tomàrale por la mano
 Y comenzòle de hablar;
 Dígasme tu el Palmero,
 No me niegues la verdad,
 En que año, o en què mes
 Passastes aguas del mar ?

To the crown he made obeisance,
Bowing at the Emp'rор's feet ;
And to the Twelve Peers illustrious,
Who at one round table eat.

But to Oliveros bow'd not,
And to brave Orlando less ;
For the Moors enslav'd their nephew,
And they left him in distress :

Means they had enough to free him,
But his ransom never sought.
Oliveros and Orlando
Were to sudden fury wrought.

Both their swords were drawn to slay him,
When this open scorn they saw ;
But his staff the Palmer raises,
Whilst the glitt'ring blades they draw.

“ Peace !” the King cries, “ Oliveros ;
“ Peace ! Orlando too,” he says ;
“ Or this youth has lost his senses,
“ Or the royal blood betrays.”

By the hand the Emp'rор takes him ;
“ Tell me, Palmer,” now cries he,
“ In what year, (and answer truly)
“ Or what month, you cross'd the sea ?”

Señor, en el mes de Mayo
 Las fuera yo à passar,
 Porque yo me estaba un dia
 A las orillas del mar,
 En el huerto de mi Padre
 Por haverme de holgar.
 Cautivaronme los Moros,
 Passaronme allende el mar,
 A la Infanta de Sansueña
 Me fueron à presentar.

La Infanta desque me vido
 De mi se fue à enamorar;
 La vida que yo tenia,
 Rey, os la quiero contar.

En la su mesa comia,
 Y en su cama me iba à echar;
 Allí hablara el buen Rey,
 Bien oíreis lo que dirá.

Tal cautividad como essa
 Quien quiera la tomará,
 Dígasme tu el Palmero,
 Si la iría yo à ganar.

No vades allá el buen Rey,
 Buen Rey no vades allá,
 Porque Merida es muy fuerte,
 Bien se os defenderá.

“ In the month of May I cross’d it :

“ ’Tis indeed a grief to tell,

“ Walking in my father’s garden,

“ This unkind mischance befel :

“ Moors in evil moment seiz’d me,

“ Led me o’er the distant wave,

“ To the Princess of Sansueña,

“ Where I humbly bow’d her slave.

“ When the gentle Princess saw me,

“ All her bosom wak’d to love ;

“ And the life I led, to know it

“ Will your wonder strangely move.

“ At her table was I feasted,

“ Freely did I share her bed.”

Thus reply’d the gallant Emp’ror,

You shall soon hear what he said.

“ Such captivity, so pleasing,

“ Who would not delight to share !

“ Tell me, Palmer, shou’d I gain it,

“ Were I but to venture there ?”

“ Go not, King, oh ! go not thither,

“ If a friend you deign to hear :

“ Merida’s a pow’rful city,

“ Never hath it bow’d to fear.

Trecientos castillos tiene,
 Todos cosa de mirar,
 Que el menor de todos ellos
 Nunca le podeis tomar.

Allí hablará Oliveros,
 Y hablará Don Roldan,
 Miente Señor el Palmero,
 Porque no dice verdad.

Que no tiene cien castillos,
 Ni noventa à mi pensar ;
 Y estos que Merida tiene,
 No hay quien los desensar
 Que ni ellos tienen Señor,
 Ni menos quien los guardar.
 El Palmero que esto oyó,
 Movido de gran pesar,
 Levantó su mano derecho,
 Por herir a Don Roldan.

Allí hablará el buen Rey,
 Bien oíreis lo que dirá,
 Tomadle la mi justicia,
 Y llevadlo à ahorcar.

Yà lo toma la justicia,
 Yà lo van à justiciar,
 Allá al pie de la horca,
 El Palmero fue à hablar.
 O mal huvieses Rey Carlos,
 Dios te quiera hacer mal :

“ It has full three hundred castles,
“ And a strong and stubborn wall ;
“ And the least of all these castles
“ To your arms will never fall.”

Thus cry’d fiercely Oliveros,
Thus Orlando cry’d, “ This youth,
“ This bold Palmer, would deceive us,
“ For he does not speak the truth.

“ It has not a hundred castles,
“ Not e’en ninety can it boast ;
“ Never a Moor in all the city
“ Like a soldier guards his post :

“ And they lack a valiant captain
“ Forth to lead them to the fight.”

This reply the Palmer hearing,
Lifts his vengeful hand, his right,

And attempts to strike Orlando.

“ Seize the Palmer !” shouts the King ;
“ Let the Judge condemn his rashness,
“ And his head to forfeit bring !”

In an instant seiz’d, behold him
On the scaffold thus exclaim,—
“ God, O King, no good intends you ;
“ Highly do you merit blame !

Que solo un hijo que tienes,
Esse mandas ahorcar.
Oídolo havia la Reyna,
Que se salió à mirar.
Dexadeslo la justicia,
No le querais hacer mal,
Que si él era mi hijo,
Encubrir no se podrá,
Que en un lado lia de tener
Un estremado lunar.
Yà lo llevan à la Reyna,
Yà se lo van à llevar ;
Desnudanle una esclavina,
Que no valia un real,
Y le desnudaban otra
Que valia una Ciudad.
Hallado le han al Infante,
Hallado le han el señal ;
Alegrias se hicieron,
No tienen cuento, ni par.

“ But, one son alone possessing,
“ Would you now that son destroy ?”
To the Queen his words related,
She approach’d with trembling joy.

“ If the youth’s my son,” she utter’d,
“ Find the mark upon his side.”
In her presence then appearing,
On the spot the proof was try’d.

Off they take his tatter’d garment,
In its value nought esteem’d,
And disrobe him of the second,
Worth a royal city deem’d ;

By the marks the Prince discov’ring
On the side he haply bore :
All the Court rejoices highly,
Never so rejoic’d before.

THE
ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
PRINCE BALDWIN.

THIS Ballad is not mentioned in *Don Quixote*, but refers to an incident in the Ballad of Calainos; and, as Prince Baldwin marries Sybilla, connects that Ballad with the one following of the Marquis of Mantua. We cannot present our readers with the Spanish copy, not being in our collection.

PENSIVE sat the noble Baldwin,
For his late defeat he wept;
Nights and days together musing,
Ne'er his eyes for sorrow slept.

“ From a worthless Moor in combat
“ Have I suffer'd deep disgrace ?
“ Where is all the ancient glory
“ Of my great and gallant race ?

“ Thus to live in foul dishonor,
“ Life becomes a bitter pain ;
“ I will seek by deeds of valor
“ To efface the hated stain.

“ Saddle me the milk-white charger
“ Mantua’s noble Marquis sent :
“ Bring my arms! my soul no longer
“ Is on sloth inglorious bent.

“ Bravely will I die, or conquer
“ Like a hero in the field ;
“ These same Moors in stormy battle
“ Shall beneath my prowess yield.”

Forth rides he, his Squire attends him,
And to fair Sansueña goes ;
Round on all sides Baldwin seeking,
But he finds no hostile foes.

Proud rejoicings in the city
Ent’ring at the gates he hears,
Where the Princess of Sansueña
With a lovely train appears.

“ O well might the Moor Calainos
“ For so rare a beauty fight!
“ Never yet did fairer damsel
“ Meet fond youth’s enamour’d sight !”

To a low balcony bending,
See where sits the lovely maid ;
So amidst the sky all-glorious
Shines the radiant sun display’d.

Hark ! the martial trumpets sounding,
 For the gallant fête prepare ;
 Many a Knight in shining armour
 Shews his dauntless prowess there.

In the lists Prince Baldwin enters,
 Prancing on his milk-white steed ;
 Highly beats his noble bosom
 To achieve some gallant deed.

To the Princess lowly bending,
 Then with gentle speech he cries,
 " To the conqu'ror in these tourneys
 " Would thou wert the lovely prize !

" What the sword, the spear, the helmet,
 " When compar'd with beauty's charms !
 " Beauty all victorious triumphs,
 " Though it boasts the softest arms.

" In thy name, sweet maid, permit me
 " In the glorious lists to shine ?
 " Though the Knights may shew their valor,
 " Quickly shall they yield to mine."

Sweetly smiles the lovely Princess
 When she hears this soft address ;
 And, her heart to love first waking,
 Thus she does her thoughts express :—

“ Go, brave youth, oh ! go and conquer ;
“ And, when fighting in my name,
“ Your’s be valor’s highest blazon,
“ Your’s the fairest wreath of fame !”

Low bow’d he, and swift as lightning
Forward spurr’d his fiery steed ;
Not so swift the nimble roebuck
Urges in the chase his speed.

Ev’ry rival chief o’erturning,
Dealing many a blow severe,
Soon he sees the lists before him
From a host of champions clear.

More and more the lovely Princess
Feels the dauntless hero’s worth ;
“ Sure,” cries she, “ a Knight so gallant
“ Springs alone of royal birth !”

But her father, brave Almanzor,
Instant to the square descends ;
And, a noble train attending,
To the youthful warrior bends.

“ Where the proud unconquer’d hero
“ Ever shone in arms so great ?
“ Come with me, and I’ll exalt you
“ To a high illustrious state.

“ Knight, if yet thy noble bosom
 “ Is from love’s soft trammels free,
 “ Fair Sybilla will I give thee,
 “ And embrace a son in thee.”

In his eyes sweet pleasure sparkling,
 To this speech Prince Baldwin cries,
 “ O brave King ! what Chief could combat,-
 “ And desire a lovelier prize !”

“ Sound the brazen trumpets bravely !”
 Shouts the noble Moorish King ;
 “ Let the city songs of gladness,
 “ And triumphant vict’ry ring !”

By the hand he takes Prince Baldwin,
 Praising still his matchless deeds ;
 And to meet his lovely daughter,
 To the fair Sybilla leads.

O what blushes softly glowing
 Did her beauteous cheeks disclose !
 Never yet with bloom so lovely
 Shone the full-blown damask rose.

Lowly, with a look respectful,
 On his knees he graceful bent ;
 “ Wilt thou, Lady,” cries the Chieftain,
 “ Ev’ry tender wish prevent ?

“ Wilt thou deign (for, lo ! thy father
“ Doth our union thus approve)
“ Wilt thou deign to hear, sweet Princess,
“ Vows of never-ceasing love ?

“ Then, though Fortune frown malignant,
“ I shall scorn her fickle pow’r :
“ Mine the purest bliss of heaven
“ From this dear auspicious hour.”

“ Youth,” exclaims the gentle Princess,
“ Thou art sure of royal line ;
“ Valour and transcendent merit
“ In thy words and actions shine.

“ But if not, since my lov’d father
“ Doth the nuptial rites allow,
“ Pleas’d will I accept the offer,
“ Breathe a true eternal vow.”

“ I am Baldwin, Dacia’s monarch
“ For my royal sire I own ;
“ To the Emp’ror only bowing,
“ Seated on his royal throne.

“ O that peace between thy father
“ And my honor’d King might reign,
“ And no more our arms in battle
“ Dye with blood the hostile plain !”

“ I consent,” cries brave Almanzor ;
“ Sanguine war shall ever cease ;
“ My lov’d daughter shall between us
“ Form the gentle bond of peace.”

Now a costly feast preparing,
See the friendly tables spread,
Where the guests, in order seated,
Are with choicest dainties fed.

From the Princess, sweet Sybilla,
Scarce his eyes can Baldwin move ;
But with fond delight he gazes,
Drinking deeper draughts of love.

Oft, too, at the blooming hero
Steals the maid a look unseen ;
Much admires his noble stature,
Much his gallant princely mien.

When Almanzor saw their passion,
Soft he breath’d a pensive sigh,
And a tear, though none perceiv’d it,
Glisten’d in the Monarch’s eye.

Back to days of youthful glory,
And of love, his view he cast ;
And he dwelt for some short moments
With regret upon the past ;

When the fair Sybilla's mother,
Now, alas ! on earth no more,
From a thousand envying rivals
His triumphant valour bore.

But the King, by kind attention
To his guests, forgets his pain :
" In the festive hour the bosom
" Should from bitter thoughts refrain."

From the splendid banquet rising,
To the dance they now repair,
Where, the lovely Princess leading,
Baldwin shines the gayest there.

All around the blazing torches
A refulgent light display ;
In the palace of Almanzor
Night is turn'd to brightest day.

Then, the marriage-contract signing,
Soon the nuptial rites succeed ;
From the rich saloon the Princess
Bridal maids to dress her lead.

Sev'n times to the softest music,
Whilst he sits beside the King,
See the bride before the bridegroom,
Clad in diff'rent robes, they bring.

First cerulean blue adorns her,
Round her waist a lovely zone ;
On her head an azure turban,
Thick with stars of silver, shone.

Purple next ; a robe of satin
Fring'd and loop'd with shining gold :
On her head white feathers waving,
Does th' enamour'd Prince behold.

Each time rising he salutes her ;
Now she comes in lively green ;
Round her head a wreath of emeralds
Of the brightest lustre seen :

Next pale straw her dress engaging,
On her head a tuft of flow'rs :
Light she trips along, and beauty
Shines in all its softest pow'rs.

Then she comes in pink and silver,
Ev'ry plume is vary'd too ;
Some are white, and some carnation,
Some a pale inviting blue.

Next in brown, her head a crescent
Of the finest gold displays ;
In the centre a carbuncle
Throws around a glorious blaze.

Last in white she comes, and loosely
Down in ringlets floats her hair.

“ Ah !” exclaims the Prince, “ what beauty !
“ Ne’er was Princess half so fair !”

Then he takes her hand ; before them
Fifty lovely dairns sing ;
To the nuptial chamber bending,
Soon the lovely pair they bring.

At Almanzor’s court a season,
With the sweet Sybilla blest,
Spends the Prince, and long the Monarch
For his stay a wish express’d ;

But at length to France escorts him,
Whilst a noble train attends :
Highly did it please the Emp’ror
When he found the Moors were friends.

But again the happy nuptials,
As the church directs, were held ;
Where in many a tilt and tourney
Gallant Baldwin still excell’d.

For his sake his dear Sybilla
Soon the Christian faith embrac’d :
Thus from Baldwin’s mind for ever
Was his late defeat effac’d.

ROMANCE
DEL
MARQUES DE MANTUA.

This Ballad is mentioned more than any of the preceding: the subject, however, as Cervantes says, is altogether apocryphal; namely, the murder of Prince Baldwin by Carloto the Emperor's son. Turpin tells us that he and Theodoric alone escaped of the French nobility from the battle of Roncesvalles, to whom these Romances add a third, Montesinos: the two relations, therefore, run counter. But as it is impossible to argue with any degree of probability on subjects where all is romance, we briefly proceed to illustrate the Ballads by the text of Don Quixote.

In the fifth chapter we find the Knight fallen from Rozinante, and incapable of rising, from the drubbing he received from the Mule-driver: he begins, therefore, to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read, and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Vudovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded in the mountain; a piece of history which every boy knows, that all young men are acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet: nevertheless it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with

PARTE PRIMERA.

DE Mantua sale el Marquès
Danes Urgèl el Leal;
Allà và à buscar la caza
A las orillas del Mar.

* languid voice exclaim, in the words of the wounded Knight of the wood,

* Alas! where are you, lady dear,
That for my woe you do not moan?
Thou little know'st what ails me here,
Or art to me disloyal grown.

In this manner he went on repeating the Romance, until he came to these lines :—

O noble Prince of Mantuan plains,
My carnal kinsman and my lord;

but, before he could finish the whole couplet, a peasant, who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass in his way from the mill, where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman, seeing a man lie stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote, doubtless, believed that it was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his Romance, in which he gives an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour between his wife and the Emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been broken to pieces by the Mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate Knight, whom he sets upon Rozinante, and conveys back to his habitation. Other quotations will be noticed in their proper places.

PART I.

FROM fair Mantua Danès Urgel,
Nam'd the Loyal, bent his way,
And the chase design'd to follow,
Where the distant sea-beach lay.

* These lines are from Ozell's translation; Smollet, having given them a ludicrous turn, has not rendered them right.

Con èl vàn sus cazadores
 Con aves para volar ;
 Con èl iban sus monteros
 Con perros para cazar.

Con èl vàn sus caballeros,
 Para haverle de guardar,
 Por la ribera del Pò,
 La caza buscando vàn.

El tiempo era caloroso,
 Vispera era de San Juan,
 Metense en una arboleda,
 Para refresco tomar.
 Al rededor de una fuente
 A todos manda assentar,
 Viandas aparejadas
 Traian para yantar.
 Desque huvieron yantado
 Comenzaron de hablar,
 Solamente de la caza,
 Como se havian de ordenar.

Al pie estaba de una breña
 Que junto à la fuente està,
 Oyeron un gran ruïdo
 Entre las matas sonar.
 Todos estuvieron quedos
 Por yèr que cosa serà ;
 Por las mas espesas matas
 Vieron un ciervo assomar,
 De sed viene fatigado,
 Al agua se iba à lanzar.

With him did he take his falcons
On the quarry skill'd to fly;
And his well-train'd dogs; melodious,
Loud, and pleasant, was their cry.

Many Cavaliers to guard him
To the manly pastime go;
For the game the huntsmen beating
On the borders of the Po.

From the mid-day's sultry weather
In a grove they seek retreat,
Where the Marquis near a fountain
With the huntsmen takes his seat;

And, on viands cold regaling,
For new toils their spirits brace,
All the conversation turning
On the pleasures of the chase.

On a sudden midst the thicket,
That beside the fountain stood,
Loud the noise they heard, and rustling
In the branches of the wood,

All were silent, anxious waiting
What this new alarm might be,
And a stag amidst the bushes
Bending to the fountain see,

Los monteros à gran priessa
 Los perros van à soltar ;
 Sueltan lebreles sabucessos,
 Para haverlo de tomar.

El ciervo que lo sintiò,
 Al monte se tornò à entrar ;
 Caballeros, y monteros,
 Conienzan de cavalgar.
 Siguiendole van de rastro,
 Con gano de lo alcanzar :
 A bulro corrian todos,
 Sin el uno al otro espirar.
 El que lleva buen caballo,
 Corre mas por le atajar ;
 Apartanse unos de otros,
 Sin el Marquès aguardar
 El ciervo era muy ligero,
 Gran tierra les fue à ganar ;
 Al lارido de los perros,
 Los mas siguiendo le van.

El monte era muy espeso,
 Todos perdido se han ;
 El Sol se queria poner,
 La noche queria cerrar.

Quando el Marquès de Mantua
 Solo se fuera à hallar,
 En un bosque tan espeso
 Que no podia caminar,

Now the dogs the huntsmen cheering,
All the echoing woods resound,
Whilst the stag, the clamour hearing,
Flies before the opening hound.

Swiftly to the hills returning,
Horse and hunters bold pursue ;
By the scent the pastime following,
When the game is lost to view.

He that has the fleetest courser
O'er the country leads the way,
While far distant others, straggling,
Would not for the Marquis stay.

Strong the stag, and, swiftly flying,
Far upon the pack he gains ;
Eager still the game pursuing,
Not a dog at fault remains.

Thick the wood, and steep the mountain,
Where the stag has bent his flight ;
Soon they lose their way, and sunset
Comes, the harbinger of night.

But when Mantua's noble Marquis
Found himself thus left alone,
In a wood so wild and boundless,
Where no human track was known ;

Andando à un cabo, y à otro,
 Mucho alexado se ha ;
 Tantas bueltas iba dando,
 Que no sabe donde està.

La noche era muy obscura,
 Comenzò recio à tronar,
 El cielo estaba nublado,
 No cessa relampaguear.
 El Marquès que assi se vido,
 Su bocina fue à tocar,
 A sus Monteros llamando,
 Tres veces la fue à sonar ;
 Los Monteros eran lexos,
 Por demàs era el tocar.

El caballo era cansado,
 De por las peñas saltar :
 A cada passo caia,
 No se podia menear.

El Marquès muy enojado,
 La rienda le fue à soltar,
 Por do el caballo queria,
 Le dexaba caminar.

El caballo era de casta,
 Esfuerzo fuera à tomar ;
 Diez millas ha caminado,
 Sin un momento parar.

Wand'ring here and there, he knew not
Whither to direct his steed,
Nor, so many circles making,
Where his devious course to lead.

Dark night comes, and dreadful thunder
Rolls amidst the vaulted sky,
Whilst from clouds tempestuous darting
Forth the vivid lightnings fly.

Thrice now has the noble Marquis
His far echoing cornet wound ;
Not a single hunter hears him,
Distant from the well-known sound.

Weary grown, his steed no longer
Bounds along the rocky steep,
But, at ev'ry instant stumbling,
Does a dang'rous footing keep.

Vex'd, and with fatigue o'erpower'd,
Then the Marquis loos'd the reins,
While the steed, at random straying,
Long his master's weight sustains.

But of noble stock, the courser
Seems more active as he goes ;
* Ten long miles he travels forward,
Not a moment's respite knows.

*About forty of our miles.

No và camino derecho,
 Mas por do podia andar,
 Caminando todavia,
 Un camino fue à topar.

Siguiendo por su camino,
 Fue à dàr en un pinar,
 Por el qual fue una gran pieza,
 De èl sin poderse apartar.

Pensò reposar allì,
 Sin adelante passar,
 Mas por buscar à los suyos,
 Adelante quiere andar.

Del pinar saliò muy presto,
 Por un valle fue à entrar,
 Quando oyò dàr un gran grito,
 Temoroso, y de pesar.

Sin saber que hombre fuese,
 O de que podia estar,
 El gran dolor que mostraba,
 Otro no podia notar.

Desto se turbò el Marquès,
 Gran terror le fue à causar,
 Mas aunque viejo de dias,
 Esfuerzo fuera à tomar.

Not strait forward riding, only
Where the opening woods admit,
Till, thus wand'ring so uncertain,
On a track he chanc'd to hit;

And the track, some space pursuing,
To a grove of pine-trees led;
Long the mazy wood detains him,
Wide, around on all sides spread.

Fain he wish'd to rest, yet forward
Still his gen'rous steed inclin'd,
Whilst the Marquis by his huntsmen
Hopes to be ere long rejoin'd.

From the pine-grove now he sallies,
When a gloomy vale appears,
And a dreadful cry assails him,
Rushing wildly on his ears.

Whence it could proceed he knew not;
But the shriek of woe he knew,
And a world of pain it noted,
And a world of sorrow too.

Chilling fear at first appall'd him,
But his spirits he regain'd;
For, though old, his manly bosom
Danger's threat'ning look disdain'd.

Por su camino adelante,
 Comienza de caminar ;
 A pie và, que no à caballo,
 El caballo fue à dexar,
 Porque estaba muy cansado,
 Y no podia caminar ;
 En un prado que allí estaba,
 Atado le dexò estar.
 Desde allí llegó à un rio,
 Y en medio de un arenal,
 Un caballo vido muerto,
 Comenzòle de mirar.

Armado estaba de guerra,
 A guisa de pelear,
 Los brazos tenia cortados,
 Las piernas otro que tal.
 Tantico mas adelante,
 Una voz sintió hablar ;

O Santa Maria Señora,
 No me quieras olvidar,
 A ti encomiendo mi alma,
 Plegate de la guardar,

En este trance de muerte
 Esfuerzo me querais dàr,
 Pues a les tristes consuelas
 Quieras à mí consolar.

Forward still he boldly presses ;
But his weary steed forsakes,
In a meadow leaves him grazing,
And on foot his journey takes.

At a river's brink arriving,
On a sandy spot, he found
A dead steed, and, struck with wonder,
View'd him with attention round.

Arm'd at ev'ry point for battle,
In this guise the charger lay ;
All his fine limbs hew'd to pieces,
Slaughter'd in a barb'rous way.

But at no great distance forward
Thus a voice, with grief oppress'd,
Deeply sighing to the Virgin,
Words of bitter pain address'd :—

“ Holy Mary, deign to hear me,
“ Nor thy suppliant now forsake ;
“ Lo ! my soul to thee commanding,
“ Keep it for thy mercy's sake.

“ In the hour of death approaching,
“ To thy throne for strength I fly ;
“ Cheer my heart with heav'nly comfort,
“ Hear my piteous piercing cry !

Y à tu precioso Hijo,
 Por mì te plega rogar,
 Que perdone mis pecados,
 Mi alma quiera salvar.

Quando esto oyò el Marquès,
 Mucho espanto fue à tomar,
 Rebolviòse el manto al brazo,
 La espada fue à sacar.

Aportòse del camino,
 Por el monte fue à entrar;
 Azia do sintiò la voz
 Comienza de caminar.

Las armas iba cortando,
 Para la buelta acertar,
 A todas partes miraba,
 Por vér que cosa serà.

El camino por do iba
 Cubierto de sangre està ;
 Vinole grande congoja,
 Todo se fue à demudar.

El espiritu le daba
 Sobresalto de pesar,
 De donde la voz oìa,
 Muy cerca se fue à llegar.

“ Thy dear Son entreat to pardon
“ Ev’ry sad offence I gave ;
“ And my soul from hell and Satan
“ Forth to stretch his hands to save !”

These sad words the Marquis hearing,
To the spot in terror flew ;
Round his arm his cloak fast wrapping,
From the sheath his sword he drew.

From the river’s side departing,
Forward then he press’d with speed,
Up a hill his way pursuing
Whence he heard the voice proceed :

Round him did he cut the bushes,
Back his path again to trace,
And, on ev’ry side regarding,
Seeks to find the dreaded place.

All besprent the path was cover’d
With a track of crimson gore ;
Never so his heart misgave him,
Never felt such pain before.

His firm spirit chang’d within him,
Rouz’d to more than mortal fear,
Whence he heard the voice proceeding,
To the spot he now drew near ;

Al pie de unos altos robles
Vido un caballero estar,
Armado de todas armas,
Sin estoque, ni puñal.

Tendido estaba en el suelo,
No cessa de se quexar,
Las lastimas que decia
Al Marquès hacen llorar.

Por entender lo que dice,
Acordò de se apartar,
Atento estaba escuchando,
Sin bullir, ni menear.

Lo que dice el caballero,
Razon es de lo contar,
Donde estás, señora mia,
Que no te pena mi mal ?

O no la sabes, Señora,
O eres falsa, ò desleal.

De mis pequeñas heridas
Compassion solias mostrar,
Y ahora de las mortales,
No tienes ningun pesar.

And a Cavalier extended
At a tall oak's foot espy'd,
Cas'd in armour ; sword nor poniard
Yet he wore not by his side.

Still he did not cease complaining,
Ev'ry groan was loud and deep ;
Pity moves the gen'rous Marquis,
Fast his eyes with sorrow weep.

But, to hear what words he utter'd,
He resolv'd apart to rest,
And, unseen awhile, to listen
To the accents he express'd.

What the Cavalier was saying
"Tis but just to say again :
" Where art thou, my lovely lady ?
" Feel'st thou not my cruel pain ?

" Art thou grown, then, false and faithless ?
" Woe is me !—beneath the thought,
" Ev'ry sense that yet is left me
" Is to wild delirium wrought.

" To my trifling wounds compassion
" Once thou kindly deign'dst to shew ;
" Now, alas ! my wounds are mortal,
" Yet thou dost not heed my woe.

No te doy culpa Señora,
 Que descanso en el hablar,
 Mi dolor que muy sobrado,
 Que hace desatinar.

Tu no sabes de mi muerte,
 Ni de mi angustia mortal,
 Yo te pedí la licencia
 Para mi muerte buscar

Pues que yo la halle Señora,
 A nadie debo culpar,
 Quanto mas à ti mi bien,
 Que no me la querais dàr.

Mas quando mas no podiste,
 Bien sentí un gran pesar
 En la fe de tu querer,
 Segun te vi demostrar.

Esposa mia, y Señora,
 No cures de me esperar,
 Hasta el dia del juycio,
 No nos podrèmos juntar.

Si viviendo me quisiste,
 Ahora lo has de mostrar,
 No en hacer grandes estremos,
 Mas por el alma rogar.

“ But I blame thee not, sweet lady !

“ Sad complaint is only left ;

“ Thy unhappy Lord and husband

“ Is of all but that bereft.

“ Little my hard fate you think of,

“ Nor my deep lamented wound ;

“ Leave I ask'd to take my pleasure,

“ But, alas ! my death I found.

“ Whom have I, beloved fair one,

“ Whom, except myself, to blame ?

“ Least of all, then, should I utter

“ Ought against thy gentle name.

“ O that ever it should grieve me

“ To remember love like thine,

“ And the faith so sweetly plighted,

“ Faith that was so truly mine !

“ O my spouse, my dearest lady,

“ Hope not to behold me more ;

“ At the day of judgment only

“ We shall meet, and not before.

“ If thou lov'dst me well when living,

“ Do not now that love control ;

“ No extremes of grief I ask for,

“ But thy prayers for my soul.

O mi primo Montesinos !
 O Infante Merian !
 Deshecha es la compañía,
 En que soliamos andar.

Yà no espereis de verme ;
 No os cumples yà me buscar,
 Que en valde trabajareis,
 Pues no me podeis hallar.

O esforzado Don Reynaldos !
 O buen Paladin Roldan !
 O valiente Don Urgel !
 O Don Ricardo Normàn !

O Marquès Don Oliveros !
 O Durandarte, el galan !
 O Archiduque Don Estolfo !
 O Gran Duque de Milan !

Donde estais todos vosotros,
 No veneis à me ayudar ?

O Emperador Carlo Magno,
 Mi buen Señor natural,
 Si tu supiesses mi muerte,
 Como le harias vengar.

“ O my cousin, Montesinos ;
“ Merian, gentle Prince, adieu !
“ Your companion, once how happy !
“ When like kindred plants we grew.

“ Never hope again to see me ;
“ You shall seek, but seek in vain ;
“ Sorrow and distressing trouble,
“ All, alas ! that you will gain.

“ O Count Palatine Orlando,
“ O Rinaldo, firmly bold !
“ Valiant Duke Urgel, you neither
“ Shall these eyes again behold.

“ Norman gallant, Oliveros,
“ Durandarte, O farewell !
“ And thou noble Duke Estolfo,
“ Who to you my fate shall tell ?

“ And thou, gen’rous Duke of Milan,
“ Where, oh ! where now are ye all,
“ That you do not come to soothe me
“ When with grief aloud I call ?

“ Charlemagne, my Lord and Emp’ror,
“ Would you not for my lov’d sake,
“ If my death you knew, in justice
“ Vengeance on my murd’rer take ?

Aunque me matò tu hijo,
 Justicia querais guardar,
 Pues que me matò a traycion
 Viniendole à acompanar.

O Principe Don Carloto,
 Què ira tau desigual
 Te moviò sobre tal easo
 A quererme assi matar ;
 Rogandome que viniesse
 Contigo por te guardar ?
 O desventurado yo,
 Como venia sin cuidar,
 Que tan alto caballero
 Pudiesse hacer tan maldad.

Pensando venir à caza,
 Vine mi muerte à cazar ;
 No me pesa de morir
 Que es cosa natural.

Mas por morir como muero,
 Sin merecer ningun mal,
 Y en tal parte donde nunca
 De mi muerte se sabrà.

O alto Dios poderoso,
 De justicia, y de verdad,
 Sobre mi muerte inocente,
 Justicia quieres mostrar,
 Desta anima pecadora,
 Quieras haver piedad.

“ Yes ; although thy son hath slain me,
“ Justice thou wouldst not deny :
“ He betray’d me to attend him,
“ And by him alone I die.

“ Prince Carloto, what could move thee
“ To this cruel bloody deed,
“ When, entreating me to guard thee,
“ Thou didst to my death proceed ?

“ Hapless I, that ne’er mistrusted
“ One so great and nobly born
“ Could, to evil basely stooping,
“ Thus his soul to guilt suborn !

“ Trusting beasts of chase to follow,
“ My poor life became his prey :
“ Not from death a pang I suffer,
“ Nature’s sure and common way.

“ But in youth to die so guiltless,
“ By a traitor’s hand alone ;
“ Torn from friends, to whom for ever
“ My sad end shall rest unknown !

“ Pow’rful God of truth and justice,
“ O avenge my fatal death !
“ For my sins, too, grant me mercy,
“ When I ask with parting breath !

O triste Reyna mi madre,
 Dios te quiera consolar,
 Que yà es quebrado el espejo,
 En que te solias mirar.

Siempre de mì recelaste,
 Sobresalto de pesar,
 Ahora de aqui adelante
 No te cumplere rezelar.

En las justas, y tornèos,
 Consejos me solias dàr,
 Ahora triste, à la muerte,
 Aun no me puedes hablar.

O noble Marquès de Mantua,
 Mi señor tio carnal,
 Donde estais que no me oís
 Mi doloroso quexar ?

Que nueva tan dolorosa,
 Os serà de gran pesar,
 Quando de mì no suspieres,
 Ni me pudieres hallar.

Hicisteme heredero,
 Por vuestra Estado heredar,
 Mas vos lo haveis de ser mio.
 Aunque sois de mas edad.

“ O unhappy Queen, my mother,
“ Heav’n console your wretched heart !
“ Lo ! the glass is dash’d to pieces,
“ Where you saw your other part.

“ Always did you fear some evil
“ Would upon your son descend ;
“ Terrors that are full accomplish’d :
“ He has met a cruel end.

“ Oft in jousts, and oft in tourneys,
“ Warning would you kindly give :
“ What keen sorrows will distract you
“ When you learn I cease to live !

“ Mantua’s fam’d illustrious Marquis,
“ Where art thou, my uncle dear,
“ That your nephew’s sad complaining,
“ And deep groans, you do not hear ?

“ What keen pangs will pierce your bosom,
“ What distressing sorrows wound,
“ When you hear how long they sought me,
“ But, alas ! I was not found !

“ Heir of all your fair possessions
“ Me your gen’rous bounty made ;
“ But, though far in years my elder,
“ You shall be with mine array’d.

O mundo desventurado,
 Nadie debe de ti fiar,
 Al que mas subido tienes,
 Major caïda haces dàr.

Estas palabras diciendo,
 No cesa de suspirar,
 Suspiros muy dolorosos,
 Para el corazon quèbrar.

Turbado estaba el Marquès,
 No pudo mas escuchar ;
 El corazon se le aprieta,
 La sangre buelto se ha.

A los pies del caballero,
 Junto se fuera à llegar,
 Con la voz muy alterada
 Comenzòle de hablar.

Què mal teneis caballero,
 Queradesmelo contar,
 Teneis heridas de muerte,
 O teneis otro algun mal ?

Quando lo oyò Baldovinos
 La cabeza provò alzar,
 Pensando era su escudero,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr.

“ O vain world, and vainer mortals,
“ To its empty joys to trust ;
“ High aloft it only lifts us
“ But to bow us to the dust !”

These dire words convulsive breathing
Thus the Knight in anguish spoke,
Whilst, in painful mis’ry dying,
His sad heart was nearly broke.

Sore amaz’d, the noble Marquis
Could not bear to listen more,
But with horror chill’d, approaching,
Stood the wounded Knight before ;

And in trembling voice address’d him,
What he said you soon shall hear ;
“ O what grievous ill afflicts you,
“ Tell me, noble Cavalier !

“ Some mischance hath, sure, befall’n you ;
“ Have you not a mortal wound ?”
When the Knight thus heard him speaking,
Bleeding as he press’d the ground,

Fancying ’twas his Squire address’d him,
He essay’d to raise his head,
And, in broken dying accents,
To the list’ning Marquis said :—

Què dices amigo mio,
 Traes con quien confessar ?
 Que yà se me sale el alma,
 La vida quiero acabar.

Del cuerpo no tengo pena,
 El alma quiero salvar ;
 Luego entendio el Marquès,
 Por otro le fue à tomar.

Respondiòle muy turbado,
 Que apenaas podia hablar ;
 Yo no soy vuestro escudero,
 Nunca comì vuestro pan.

Antes soy un caballero,
 Por aquì acertè à passar,
 Vuestras voces dolorosas
 Aqui me han hecho llegar.

A saber que mal teneis,
 O de que es vuestro pesar,
 Pues que caballero sois,
 Queradesvos esforzar.

Para esso es este mundo,
 Para bien, y mal passar ;
 Diciendo, señor quien sois,
 Y de que es vuestro mal ?

“ What is it, my friend, thou’rt asking ?

“ Bring’st thou some one to confess ?

“ For the stream of life is driven

“ To its last forlorn recess !

“ Reckless what befalls my body,

“ My poor soul I wish to save !”

Then the Marquis knew some menial

For a priest he meant to crave.

Scarce his trembling lips could answer,

Scarce his anxious thoughts repeat ;—

“ I am not the Squire you fancy,

“ Of your bread I never eat ;

“ But a Cavalier whom fortune

“ Led perchance this lonely way,

“ Who, your doleful accents hearing,

“ Did his wand’ring footsteps stay ;

“ And to learn what ill afflicts you,

“ What has plung’d you so in pain :

“ As I am a Knight, in duty

“ Can you from the tale refrain ?

“ In this world both good and evil

“ Man’s uncertain life befall :

“ Tell me, then, who art thou, stranger ;

“ Knight, I charge thee tell me all !

Que si remediar se puede
 Yo os prometo de ayudar ;
 No dudes, buen caballero,
 De decirme la verdad.

Tornàra en sì Baldovinos,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dar,
 Muchas mercedes señor,
 Por la buena voluntad.

Mi mal es crudo de muerte,
 No se puede remediar,
 Veinte y dos heridas tengo,
 Que cada uno es mortal.

El mayor dolor que siento,
 Es morir en tal lugar,
 Do no se sabrà mi muerte
 Para poderse llorar ;

Porque me han muerto à traycion,
 Sin merecer ningun mal.

A lo que haveis preguntado.
 Por mi fe os digo verdad,
 Que à mi llaman Baldovinos,
 Que el franco solian llamar.

“ That I will avenge thy injuries,
“ If within my pow'r, I swear :
“ Doubt not, then, at once to tell me
“ Whence the source of all thy care !”

To himself again returning,
Whilst his ears these accents reach,
“ Thanks,” cries he, “ Sir Knight, unnumber'd,
“ For this kind consoling speech.

“ Deep my ills, all cure surpassing,
“ Bleeding fast upon the ground,
“ And with wounds entirely cover'd,
“ Ev'ry one a mortal wound !

“ But, what grieves me far more keenly,
“ Is in this lone spot to die ;
“ No dear friend my soul to comfort,
“ Far from ev'ry pitying eye.

“ Groaning in the deepest mis'ry,
“ Here I lie unknown to all ;
“ Though I have deserv'd no evil,
“ Yet by treach'rous hands I fall.

“ To your questions then replying,
“ You shall understand my name ;
“ Baldwin am I call'd, the Generous,
“ By the common voice of fame.

Hijo soy del Rey de Dacia,
 Hijo soy suyo carnal,
 Uno de los doce Pares,
 Que à una mesa comen pan.

La Reyna Doña Ermelina
 Es mi madre natural,
 El noble Marquès de Mantua
 Era mi tio carnal.

Hermano era de mi padre,
 Sin en nada descrepar ;
 La linda Infanta Sevilla
 Es mi espesa sin dudar.

Hame herido Don Carloto,
 El hijo del Emperante,
 Porque requiriò de amores
 A mi espesa con maldad.

Porque no le diò su amor,
 En mi se quiso vengar,
 Pensando que con mi muerte
 Con ella havia de casar.
 Hame muerto à traycion,
 Viniendole yo à guardar ;
 Porque èl me rogò en París,
 Le viniesse acompañar,
 A dar fin à una aventura,
 En que se queria probar.

“ Son of Dacia’s pow’rful Monarch,
“ His lov’d off’spring I repeat ;
“ One of the Twelve Peers illustrious,
“ That at one round table eat.

“ And the Queen, good Ermelina,
“ Is my mother, fair and true ;
“ Mantua’s far-fam’d noble Marquis
“ Is my worthy uncle too :

“ He is my dear father’s brother,
“ To my bosom dear as life ;
“ And the Princess, sweet Sybilla,
“ Is my gentle loving wife.

“ By Carloto am I wounded,
“ By the Emp’ror’s cruel son ;
“ Burning with a lawless passion,
“ He has this vile mischief done.

“ My true spouse disdain’d to listen,
“ And he slew me for her sake ;
“ Thus, on me her scorn avenging,
“ Her he means his wife to make.

“ Forth to guard him he entic’d me,
“ To this lonely country drew,
“ And, by deep disgraceful treason,
“ In this gloomy forest slew.

Qualquier que seais caballero,
 La nueva os plega llevar,
 De mi desastrada muerte
 A París essa ciudad.

Si à París no vais señor,
 A Mantua la aveis de dàr,
 Que el trabajo que havreis,
 Muy bien vos lo pagaràn,

Si no quisiéredes paga,
 Bien se os agradecerà.

Esto que oyò el Marquès,
 La habla perdido ha ;
 En el suelo diò consigo,
 La espada arrojado ha.

La barbas de la su cara,
 Comenzòlas de messar,
 Los sus cabellos yà canos,
 Comenzòlas de arrancar.

Al cabo de una gran pieza
 En pie se fue à levantar ;
 Llegòse al caballero,
 Comenzòle à desarmar.

“ Knight, whoe'er thou art, I charge thee
“ This sad news to Paris bear,

“ Where my death disastrous telling,
“ Let it be thy sacred care.

“ But to Paris should'st thou wend not,
“ Then to Mantua's Marquis tell

“ What you witness, how untimely
“ His unhappy nephew fell.

“ Well will he reward your kindness;

“ But, if you shou'd pay disdain,

“ Doubt not but he'll highly thank you,
“ Though you bring him news of pain.”

When the Marquis heard his story,
Nearly he his senses lost;
On the ground in anguish falling,
From his hand his sword he toss'd.

From his head and beard by handfuls
Fast he pluck'd his snowy hair,
And his face in cruel furrows
With his nails began to tear.

But, from this wild grief recov'ring,
From the ground again he rose,
And to strip the wounded Chieftain
Of his batter'd armour goes.

Desque le quitò el almete,
Comenzòle de mirar,
Estaba bañado en sangre
Con el color muy mortal.
Estaba desfigurado,
Que no lo podia atinar,
Ni se podia conocer
En el gesto, ni en el hablar :
Dudando estaba mirando,
Si era mentira, ò verdad,
Con un paño que traía,
La cara le fue à limpiar.
Desque la huvo limpiado,
Luego conocido le ha,
En la boca le besaba,
No cessando de llorar.
Las palabras que decia,
Dolor es de las contar ;
O sobrino Baldovinos,
Mi buen sobrino carnal ;
Quien os trato de tal suerte ?
Quien os traxo à tal lugar ?
Quien es el que à vos matò,
Que à mi vivo fue à dexar ?
Mas valiera la mi muerte,
Que la vuestra en tal edad ;
No me conoceis sobrino,
Por Dios queraisme hablar.

From his head and face his helmet
And his beaver first he drew ;
Then with gore beheld him cover'd,
All of one ensanguin'd hue.

So disfigur'd, too, he finds him,
That he little knows the youth ;
Whilst his speech, entirely alter'd,
Makes him doubtful of the truth.

With his handkerchief he wipes him ;
When his face from blood was clean,
Then, alas ! too true the story,
Then too plain the truth was seen.

His pale lips he kiss'd, and, weeping,
What he said 'tis grief to tell ;—
“ O my dearest nephew, Baldwin,
“ Late in peace I left you well ;

“ But, what sad mischance hath happen'd ?
“ Who seduc'd you to this spot,
“ And by fatal treason slew you ?
“ Hard, indeed, has been your lot !

“ O, far better had this evil
“ Fall'n on hoary age like mine !
“ Nephew, ah ! thou dost not know me ;
“ I'm thy uncle, Baldwin,---thine !

Yo soy el triste Marquès
Que tio soleis llamar.

Yo soy el Marquès de Mantua,
Que debe de rebentar,
Llorando la vuestra muerte,
Por con vida no quedar.

O desventurado viejo,
Quien me podrá conortar,
Que en pèrdida tan crecida,
Mas dolor es consolar.

Yo la muerte de mis hijos
Con vos podia olvidar,
Agora mi buen sobrino,
De nuevo havrè de llorar.

A vos tenia por hijo,
Para mi estado heredar,
Agora por mi ventura
Yo os havrè de enterrar.

Sobrino de aqui adelante
Yo no quiero vivir mas,
Vén muerte quando quisières,
No te quieres retardar.

“ Mantua’s Marquis stands before you ;
“ O, for heav’n’s sake speak once more !
“ If you can, oh, speak ! I charge you,
“ By the tender love you bore.

“ I am Mantua’s wretched Marquis ;
“ This firm heart will burst with pain
“ Thus to find my nephew dying,
“ In an evil moment slain !

“ Old man ! who shall now console thee ?
“ Who will give thy woes relief ?
“ Whither wilt thou fly for comfort
“ From this bitter load of grief ?

“ My brave son’s sad death lamenting,
“ Fresh it rushes on my mind,
“ When the nephew whom I cherish’d
“ In this dreadful state I find.

“ Dear as my own son I lov’d you,
“ Would have made you, too, my heir :
“ Twill be now my fate disastrous
“ To the ground your corse to bear.

“ Life how little do I value !
“ What should make me wish to live ?
“ Welcome death ! whene’er it please thee,
“ Thy keen stroke in pity give !

Mas el que menos te teme
Le huyes por mas penar.

Quien le llevarà nueva
Amarga, y de gran pesar,
A la triste madre vuestra,
Quien la podrá consolar ?

Siempre le oí decir,
Y conozco ser verdad,
Que quien larga vida vive,
Mucho mal ha de passar.

Por un placer muy pequeño
Dolores ha de gustar.

Estas palabras, y otras,
No cessaba de hablar,
Llorando de los sus ojos
Sin poderse conortar.

Esforzòse Baldovinos,
Con el angustia mortal,
Desque conociò su tio
Alivio fuera à tomar.

“ Oft, I know, thou fly’st the wretched,
“ Who thy face through dangers seek ;
“ When they rush amidst the battle,
“ When they call, thou wilt not speak.

“ Who shall to thy gentle mother
“ With reluctant footstep go,
“ And impart the fatal story
“ That will plunge her heart in woe ?

“ Often have I heard it notic’d,
“ And, alas ! I find it true,
“ He whose life to age is lengthen’d
“ Must endure much evil, too ;

“ For some transient days of pleasure
“ Years of pain is doom’d to taste.
“ Such is man, not long together
“ In this life with blessings grac’d !”

These sad words in anguish breathing,
Still he does not cease to weep,
Whilst the tears, each other chasing,
Down his cheeks a torrent keep.

Baldwin some small strength recov’ring,
When his uncle’s voice he knew,
Some few rays of pleasing comfort
From his welcome presence drew.

Tomòle entre sus brazos,
 Muy recio le fue à abrazar,
 Dissimulando su pena,
 Comenzòle de hablar.

No lloredes señor tio,
 Por Dios no querais llorar,
 Que me dais doblada pena,
 Y mi alma haceis penar.

Mas lo que yo os encomiendo
 Es por mi querais rogar,
 Y no me desampareis
 En tan esquivo lugar ;
 Hasta que haya dexado
 No me querades dexar.
 Encomiendoos à mi madre,
 Queraisla vos consolar,
 Que bien creo que mi muerte,
 Su vida havrà de acabar.

Encomiendoos mi esposa,
 Por ella querais mirar ;
 El mayor dolor que siento
 Es no poderla hablar.

Ellos estando en aquesto,
 Su escudero fue à llegar,
 Un Hermitaño traia,
 Que en el bosque fue à hallar ;

In his arms he gently clasp'd him,
Kiss'd him o'er and o'er again;
And these words to soothe him utter'd,
Striving to conceal his pain:—

“ Weep not so, my dearest uncle !
“ Be not thus for me distress'd ;
“ For God's sake suppress these sorrows,
“ For they doubly wound my breast !

“ But forsake me not, nor leave me
“ In this dreary hated place ;
“ Stay till my last breath deserts me,
“ And receive my last embrace !

“ To you I commend my mother,
“ Be, oh ! be her pitying friend ;
“ For I fear her son's misfortune
“ Will her life in sorrow end.

“ And my spouse, oh ! kindly love her,
“ Bear her, too, my parting sigh :
“ Grief doth near distract my senses,
“ Not to see her when I die !”

In this mournful strain conversing,
Came his Squire with hasty feet,
By the hand a Hermit leading
In the wood he chanc'd to meet.

Hombre de muy santa vida,
De orden Sacerdotal.
Quando el Hermitaño vino,
El alva queria quebrar.

Animòle à Baldovinos,
Comenzòle à amonestar,
Que olvidasse aqueste mundo,
De Dios se queria acordar.

Apartòse el Marquès,
Por darles mejor lugar.
El Escudero à otra parte
Tambien se fue à apartar.

Al Marquès de quebrantado
Gran sueño le fue à tomar.

Confessòse Baldovinos
A toda su voluntad,
Estando en su confession,
Yà que queria acabar,

Las angustias de la muerte
Le comienzan de aquexar,
Con el dolor que sentia,
Un gran suspiro fue à dàr.

Reverend was this aged Hermit,
And a priest in orders too ;
At the hour he first approach'd him,
Morning from its portals flew.

Soon he comforts poor Prince Baldwin,
Bids him be to heav'n resign'd ;
And the world, and all its pleasures,
Cast for ever from his mind.

Then apart the noble Marquis,
And his nephew's weeping Squire,
To allow them room for converse,
To a distance short retire.

Pitying nature views the Marquis,
And a gentle sleep bestows ;
Thus his heart, with anguish bleeding,
For awhile forgets its woes.

But, engag'd in deep confession,
Baldwin did the moments spend,
For he felt life's tott'ring fabric
Verging quickly to its end.

Death's strong hand lay hard upon him,
Life's last grievous pangs were nigh ;
And with pain his frame convulsive
Gave an agonizing sigh.

Llaimò à su tio el Marquès,
 Comenzòle de hahlar;
 A Dios, à Dios, señor tio,
 A Dios os querais quedar.

Que yo me voy deste mundo,
 Para mi quenta dàr;
 Lo que os tengo encomendado
 No lo querais olvidar.

Dadme vuestra bendicion,
 La mano para besar.

Luego perdiera el sentido,
 Luego perdiera el habla,
 Los dientes se le cerraron,
 Los ojos buelte se le han.

Recordò luego el Marquès,
 A èl se fue à llegar,
 Muchas veces lo bendice
 No cessando de llorar.

Absolviòle el Hermitaño,
 Por el comienza à rezar,
 A cabo de poco rato
 Baldovinos fue à espirar.

Then, the Marquis near him calling,
In a feeble voice he said,
“ O adieu ! adieu ! my uncle ;
“ Life’s last breath is nearly fled !

“ From this world I go untinuely
“ My account to heav’n to give :
“ This is all that I entreat you,
“ Now that I must cease to live :—

“ Give me your indulgent blessing,
“ And your honor’d hand to kiss !
“ God, receive me to thy mercy,
“ To thy holy state of bliss !”

Baldwin then his senses losing,
Utt’rance more his tongue denies,
And, his teeth together closing,
Struck with death, he turns his eyes.

O’er and o’er the Marquis kiss’d him,
And, with anguish sighing deep,
Holy benedictions gave him,
Though he never ceas’d to weep ;

Whilst the Hermit’s lips absolv’d him
From his sinful frailties past ;
O’er him some short moments praying,
Till the hero breath’d his last.

El Marquès de verlo assi
Amortecido se ha,
Retornòle el Hermitaño,
Muchos exemplos le dà.
El Marquès como es discreto,
Acuerdo fuera à tomar,
Pues remediar no se pueda,
Cordura es se conortar.
Lo que hacia el escudero,
Lastima era de mirar,
Rasguñabase la cara,
Sus ropas rasgado ha.
Las barbas, y los cabellos,
Por tierra los và à lanzar.
Al cabo de una gran pieza,
Que ambos cansados estàn,
El Marquès al Hermitaño,
Comienza de preguntar :
Por Dios os ruego yà padre,
Respuesta me querais dàr :
Donde estamos, ò en què tierra,
Què señores, ò lugar ;
Cuya es esta floresta,
Como la suelen llamar ?
El Hermitaño responde,
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr :
Haveis de saber señor,
Que esta tierra es sin poblar ;

When the Marquis saw him breathless,
Fainting on the ground he fell ;
But the Hermit's care restor'd him,
And his sorrows strove to quell.

Soon reflects he that no sorrow
Could this sad misfortune cure ;
Thus he calms his wounded bosom,
Much resolving to endure.

But the Squire, like one distracted,
Casts himself upon the ground,
Beats his breast and tears his garments,
And his hair, in handfuls round.

Till, at length, more tranquil growing,
Silent when he found the Squire,
Thus the Marquis, to the Hermit
Speaking, did these things enquire :—

“ Say, good father, say what country,
“ And what savage spot this same ?
“ Who the lord of this wild forest ?
“ What this spacious forest's name ?”

Thus the ancient Hermit answer'd,
You shall soon hear what he said,—
“ Know, my Lord, from this wild country
“ All the people long have fled.

Otro tiempo fue poblada,
 Despoblòse por gran mal,
 Por batallas muy crueles,
 Que huvo en la Christiandad.
 A esta llaman la floresta,
 Sin ventura, y de pesar ;
 Porque nunca Caballero
 En ellà aconteciò entrar,
 Que saliesse sin gran daño,
 O desastre desigual.

Esta tierra es del Marquès
 De Mantua, la gran Ciudad ;
 Hasta Mantua son cien millas,
 Sin poblacion, ni lugar :

Sino solo una Hermita,
 Que à seis leguas de aqui està ;
 Donde yo estoy retraido,
 Por el mundo me apartar.

El mas cercano poblado
 A veinte millas està,
 Que es una Villa muy buena
 Del Ducado de Milan.

Ved lo que quereis señor,
 O en què os puedo ayudar,
 Que por servicio de Dios
 Lo harè de voluntad,
 Por vuestro merecimiento,
 Y por hacer caridad.

“ Once a region fair and fertile,
“ Till a sad mischance befel ;
“ Fatal wars throughout prevailing,
“ Their disastrous horrors tell.

“ Of distress and lamentation
“ Is this gloomy forest call'd ;
“ Never Knight its bounds hath enter'd
“ But some dire mishap enthrall'd.

“ To fair Mantua's noble Marquis
“ Does this country appertain ;
“ 'Tis a hundred miles to Mantua,
“ Yet between no souls remain.

“ Six leagues hence, amidst the forest,
“ Stands a lonely Hermit's cell ;
“ In it, from the world secluded,
“ There in gentle peace I dwell.

“ From that cell the nearest city
“ Is full sev'n far leagues away ;
“ To Milan's illustrious Duchy
“ Homage does that city pay.

“ Is there ought wherein to serve you,
“ I'll the service undertake ;
“ Charity shall freely lead me
“ To perform it for her sake.”

El Marquès que aquesto oyera
 Comenzòle de rogar,
 Que no recibiesse pena
 De con el cuerpo quedar.

Mientras èl, y el escudero
 Vàn el caballo buscar,
 Que cerca le havia dexado
 En un prado à descansar.
 Plugòle al Hermitaño,
 Allì averlos de esperar ;
 El Marquès, y el Escudero,
 Por el caballo se vàn,
 Por el camino do iban
 Comenzòle à preguntar :

Digasme, buen escudero,
 Que Dios te guarde de mal,
 A què venia tu señor
 Por estas tierras buscar ?
 O por què causa le han muerto,
 Y quien lo fue à matar ?
 Respondiòle el escudero,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr ;
 Por la fe que debo à Dios,
 Y no lo puedo pensar,
 Porque no lo sè, señor,
 Lo que vì os quiero contar.
 Estando dentrò en París
 En corte del Emperante,
 El Principe Don Carloto
 A mi señor embiò à llamar :

Gently then the Marquis begs him
With the body to remain ;
For his gen'rous goodness thanks him,
Grieving sore to give him pain ;

Whilst the Squire and he, departing,
In the meadow seek the steed,
Where he hopes to find him able
In his journey to proceed.

Freely then remains the Hermit,
Whilst the Squire and Marquis go ;
On their way in concert wending,
Much the Marquis wish'd to know.

“ Tell me, Squire, so heav'n preserve you,
“ What in these lone wilds you sought ?
“ What the cause your hapless master
“ To his end untimely brought ?”

Thus the Squire reply'd,—“ I know not,
“ So heav'n guard me ! why he came ;
“ All that happen'd I'll relate it,
“ You will then know whom to blame.

“ When in Paris' royal city,
“ Where the Emp'ror holds his court,
“ To my Lord young Prince Carloto
“ Sent a message to resort.

Estuvieron en secreto
 Todo un dia en hablar,
 Quando la noche cerrò,
 Ambos se fueron à armar.

Cavalgaron muy apriessa,
 Salieron de la Ciudad,
 Armados de todas armas,
 A guisa de pelear.

Yo salì con Baldovinos.
 Y con Carloto otro Page;
 Ayer hizo quince dias,
 Salimos de la Ciudad.

Ayer fue quando llegamos
 A este bosque de pesar,
 Mi señor, y Don Carloto,
 Mandaronnos esperar.

Solos se entraron los dos
 Por esse vale de pesar,
 Y al Page de Don Carloto
 Sueño le fue à tomar.

Yo pensando en Baldovinos
 No podia reposar,
 Apartème del camino,
 En un arbol fuì à puyar.

“ All the day in secret spending,
“ When 'twas night they arm'd in haste,
“ And, their steeds together mounting,
“ From the city swiftly pac'd.

“ Each equipp'd in stubborn armour,
“ And in guise to dare the fight:
“ This same road they took, and travell'd,
“ Still conversing all the night.

“ With Prince Baldwin did I sally,
“ With Carloto came his Page;
“ Days fifteen we left fair Paris
“ In this journey to engage.

“ Yestermorn we reach'd this forest,
“ And this gloomy vale of woe;
“ When my Lord and Prince Carloto
“ Hence enjoin'd us not to go,

“ And, together forward riding,
“ Through the valley swiftly pass'd:
“ Prince Carloto's Page was weary,
“ On the ground soon sleeping fast.

“ Thoughtful of my noble master,
“ Never cou'd my eyelids rest;
“ From the road aside retreating,
“ Through the gloomy wood I press'd,

A todas partes miraba
 Quando los veria tornar.
 Y al cabo de un gran rato
 Caballos oì relinchar.

Vi venir tres Caballeros,
 Mi señor no vi tornar ;
 En sangre venian bañados,
 Luego vi mala señal.

El uno era Don Carloto,
 Los dos no pude notar :
 Con gran miedo que tenia,
 No les osè preguntar

Do quedaba Baldovinos,
 Do lo fueron à dexar :
 Mas luego baxè del arbol,
 Y entrè por aquel pinar.

Desque lo vi trasponer,
 Yo comienzo de buscar-
 A mi señor Baldovinos,
 Mas no le pude hallar.
 El rastro de los caballos
 No dexaba de mirar ;
 A la entrada de un llano,
 Al passar de un arenal,
 Vi huella de los caballos,
 De que me pareciò mal.

“ And, a lofty tree ascending,

“ Round I look'd on ev'ry side ;

“ First, I heard a horse loud neighing ;

“ Then, three horsemen I espy'd ;

“ But my Lord was not among them :

“ I beheld them stain'd with blood :

“ 'Twas a sign that surely boded,

“ So I thought indeed, no good.

“ One I saw was Prince Carloto,

“ But the two I did not know :

“ Trembling then with fear, I dar'd not

“ From the tree descend below ;

“ Dar'd not ask for my dear master,

“ So I let them pass along ;

“ From the tree at length descending,

“ Much I fear'd some fatal wrong.

“ To the pine-grove then retreating,

“ When I watch'd them far away,

“ I began to seek my master,

“ And about on all sides stray.

“ Still the horses' track I follow'd,

“ And it led me to a mead ;

“ More and more my heart misgave me,

“ More foretold the horrid deed.

Ví mucha sangre por tierra,
 De que me fuì à espantar,
 Y à la orilla del río
 El caballo fuì à hallar.

Mas adelante, no mucho,
 A Baldovinos vide estar,
 Boca abaxo estaba en tierra,
 Casi queria espirar,

Todo cubierto de sangre,
 Que apenas podia hablar.

Yo le levantè de tierra,
 Comencèle de limpiar,
 Por señas me demandò
 Confessor fuese à buscar.

Esto es noble señor
 Lo que sè deste gran mal.

En estas cosas hablando
 El caballo vàn à topar,
 En el subiò el Marquès,
 En ancas le fue à tomar

“ Clots of blood I saw before me
“ Thick upon the herbage spread ;
“ On a sand-bank, by the river,
“ Then I saw the steed lie dead ;

“ And, a few more paces wending,
“ My dear master’s self I found,
“ Faint with loss of blood, expiring,
“ Prone upon the purpled ground ;

“ Cover’d with the deepest crimson,
“ Full of wounds, so faint and weak,
“ That his tongue, denying utt’rance,
“ Not a single word cou’d speak.

“ From the ground I lightly rais’d him,
“ And from gore began to clean ;
“ That he wish’d for a Confessor
“ Then by signs was plainly seen.

“ Instant then I went to seek him :
“ This is all, my Lord, I know ;
“ Of this deep and dire misfortune,
“ All that I can clearly shew.”

In these words at length conversing,
Grazing they beheld the steed,
And, upon his back ascending,
From the meadow side recede ;

A do quedò el Hermitaño,
 Presto tornado se han.
 Desque hablaron un rato,
 Acuerdo van à tomar,
 Que se fuessen à su Hermita
 Para el cuerpo allà llevar.
 Ponelo sobre el caballo,
 Nadie quiso cavalgar,
 El Hermitaño les guia,
 Comienzan de caminar.

Camino van de la Hermita,
 A priessa, y no de vagar,
 Y llegados à la Hermita,
 Van el cuerpo desarmar.

Quince lanzadas tenia,
 Cada una era mortal,
 Que de la menor de todas,
 Fuera milagro escapar.

Quando assi le viò el Marquès,
 Traspassòse de pesar,
 A cabo de una gran pieza
 Un gran suspiro fue à dar.

Entrò dentro en la capilla,
 De rodillas se fue à hincar;

And with speed rejoin the Hermit,
Seeking his advice to take,
To the nearest town agreeing
Their immediate way to make.

On the steed they laid the body,
No one would before it ride;
Then began their toilsome journey,
With the Hermit for their guide.

At his distant cell arriving,
Through a lone deserted way,
First the body of its armour
They assist to disarray.

Fifteen lance-wounds, deep and ghastly,
On the bleeding corse they found;
With the least t' escape a wonder,
Every one a mortal wound.

When the hapless Marquis view'd it,
Grief oppress'd his noble mind;
Long it was ere, sorely sighing,
He in words relief could find.

Through the cell then instant passing,
To the chapel strait he went,
With slow footstep pensive marching,
Where upon his knees he bent;

Puso la mano en el ara,
Que estaba sobre el altar,
A los pies de un crucifijo
Jurando comenzò à hablar.

Juro por Dios poderoso,
Y à Santa Maria su Madre,
Y al Santo Sacramento,
Que aqui suelen celebrar.

De nunca peynar mis canas,
Ni de mis barbas cortar,
De no vestir otras ropas,
Ni renovar el calzar.

De nunca entrar en poblado,
Ni las armas me quitar,
Sino fuera solo una hora
Para mi cuerpo limpiar.

And his hand upon the altar,
On the altar-stone he laid,
Where a crucifix was planted,
And this solemn oath he made:—

“ By my God, I swear, Almighty,
“ And the Virgin Mother too;
“ By the sacrament most holy,
“ Kept with sacred rites, and true;

“ *Never to admit a razor
“ On my beard, to comb my hair;
“ Change my clothes, or ought to alter
“ That my weary feet now wear.

“ Not to enter town or city;
“ Nor unarm'd be ever seen,
“ Save for one sole hour, and only
“ That to make my body clean.

* Don Quixote, Book II. Chap. 12:—When Sancho's master came to find his helmet quite demolished, after his combat with the Biscayan, he had almost run stark mad: he laid his hand upon his sword, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced aloud, “ I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four Evangelists, to lead the life which the Marquis of Mantua led when he swore to revenge the death of Baldwin; not to eat food upon a table, enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury.” In the fifth chapter of the 3d book the reader will find Sancho attributing all the misfortunes that happened to them to the Knight's not having kept his oath.

De no coiner en manteles,
Ni à la mesa me assentar,

Hasta que muera Carloto,
Por justicia, ò pelear,
O morir en la demanda,
Manteniendo la verdad.

Y si justicia me niegan,
Sobre esta gran maldad,
De con mi estado, y persona
Contra Francia guerrear,

Y manteniendo la guerra,
Vencer, ò en ella acabar.
Y por este juramento
Prometo de no enterrar

El cuerpo de Baldovinos,
Hasta su muerte vengar.

Quando esto huvo jurado
Mostrò no tener pesar.
Rogando està al Hermitaño
Que le quisiesse ayudar,
Para llevar aquel cuerpo
Al mas cercano lugar.

“ Nor at dinner, nor at supper,
“ On a cloth again to eat;
“ Nor at tables spread with dainties
“ To accept a friendly seat;

“ Till I see Carloto punish'd,
“ Or by justice, or in fight;
“ Till he dies when I accuse him,
“ Pleading in the cause of right.

“ But if they deny me justice
“ For this great and grievous harm,
“ With my person, with my fortune,
“ Gaiust the realms of France to arm,

“ Or to conquer, or to perish,
“ Bravely for this glorious end:
“ Till this oath be full accomplish'd,
“ All the purpose I intend;

“ Till for Baldwin I have vengeance,
“ Shall his body not be laid
“ In the tomb; nor till atonement
“ For his cruel death be made.”

When this oath he swore so solemn,
Not so deep appear'd his woe;
Then the Hermit he entreated
To the town the way to shew,

El Hermitaño piadoso
 Su bestia les fue à dexar,
 Amortajaron el cuerpo
 Para en ella lo llevar.

Las armas de Baldovinos
 El Marquès se fue à armar,
 Subiò sobre su caballo,
 Comienzan de caminar.

La via vàn de la villa
 Que arriba oïstes nombrar,
 Con èl iba el Hermitaño,
 Para el camino mostrar.

Antes que à la villa lleguen,
 Una Abadià vàn à hallar
 De Orden de San Benito,
 Que en una aspereza està,
 A la baxada de un Puerto,
 Que cerca de un valle hay.
 Allì se alvergò el Marquès,
 Allì acordò de quedar.
 Por estar mas encubierto,
 Y el cuerpo en guarda dexar,
 Por hacerle un ataúd,
 Y haverlo de enbalsamar.
 Al Hermitaño rogaba
 Dineros quiera tomar,
 Desque dineros no quiso,
 Algunas joyas le dà.

Where he meant to leave his nephew,
For whose corse a shell was made,
Which, with many a tear attended,
On the Hermit's beast was laid.

In the fallen hero's armour
Now behold the Marquis clad,
And, his own brave steed remounting,
Journey on his errand sad.

To the nearest city travelling
Of fair Milan's fertile soil,
To direct the way, the Hermit
Willing takes again the toil;

But before they gain'd the city,
Built upon a rocky height,
In a valley, at the outskirts,
Near the gate they chose to light.

There a Benedictine abbey
Did the noble Marquis find,
Where t' embalm his nephew's body
In his coffin he design'd.

Fain would he have made the Hermit
For his kindness gold receive;
But, when he refus'd it, jewels
Proffer'd in reward to give.

No quiso cosa ninguna,
 Su bestia fue à demandar,
 Despidiòse del Marquès,
 A Dios le fue à encomendar.

Despues de ser despedido
 Para su Hermita se và,
 Por el camino do buelve
 Gran gente topado ha.

Que al Marquès iban buscando,
 Llorando por no lo hallar,
 Por las señales que dieron,
 Entendidò quien vàn à buscar.

A todòs les respondiò,
 Yo os digo la verdad,
 Que un hombre de tales señas
 Sin saber quien es, ni qual,
 Dos dias hà le acompañè,
 Sin saber adonde và ;
 Dexèle en una Abadìa,
 Que dicen de Floresvall,
 Con un caballero muerto,
 Que de ventura fue hallar.

Si allà quereis ir, señores,
 Hallereisle sin dudar,
 Todos se vàn muy alegres
 Para su señor hablar

Nought would he accept, but only
Did his beast again request:
" Heav'n reward you !" cries the Marquis,
And a kind farewel express'd.

Homeward then the Hermit bending,
Chanc'd to meet upon his way
Troops that sought the noble Marquis,
Anxious sought him night and day;

And, inquiring of the Hermit
If he had their master seen,
They describ'd his dress and person,
And his height and noble mien.

Thus he answer'd, " I will tell you;
" Soon you shall the story hear:
" These two days have I attended
" On that noble cavalier.

" In an abbey have I left him,
" Floresvall the abbey's name,
" With a Knight he found expiring,
" In the forest where he came.

" In that abbey will you find him,
" And the Knight's dead body too."
Thither went the troops rejoicing,
When his safe retreat they knew.

ROMANCE
DEL
MARQUES DE MANTUA.

PARTE SEGUNDA.

La Embaxada que embiò Danès Urgel al Emperador.

DE Mantua salen apriessa
Sin tardanza, ni vagar,
Esse noble Conde de Irlos,
Visorrey de allende el mar,
Con el Duque de Sanson,
De Picardia natural,
Camino-vàn de París,
Aunque ninguno lo sabe ;
El Marquès Danes Urgèl
Los embia con mensage
Al muy alto Emperador,
Que estaba en París la grande.
Llegados son à París,
Sin mucho tiempo tardar ;
Caballeros son de estima,
De gran estado, y linage,
De los Doce que à la mesa
Rendonda comian pan.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
THE MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

—
PART SECOND.

The Marquis's Embassy to the Emperor.

—

FROM fair Mantua's lofty turrets
Brave Count Irlos swiftly lies,
With the noble Duke of Sanson,
To where distant Paris lies.

From the Marquis Danes Urgel,
Sent on embassy, they go
To the high and mighty Emp'ror ;
None their secret erraud know.

Both were Cavaliers of valour,
Both of noble lineage too ;
Of the Twelve that grace one table ;
Knights of honour, brave, and true.

Los Grandes que lo supieron
 Salenlos à acompañar.
 Desque entraron en París,
 Vàn al Palacio Real.

Al Emperador avisan
 Que vienen por le hablar ;
 Desque lo supo Don Carloto
 Luego les mandò entrar.

Desque son delante dèl,
 Las rodillas vàn à hincar :
 Demandaronle las manos,
 Mas nunca las quiso dàr ;
 Mandòles alzar de tierra :
 Luego les fue à preguntar :
 De donde venides, Duque,
 De què parte, ò lugar ?
 Donde haveis estado Conde,
 Venides allende el Mar ?

Respondiòle cada uno,
 Presto tal respuesta dàr ;
 En Francia havenios estado,
 Y en Mantua essa Ciudad ;

Con el Marquès Danes Urgèl,
 Por haverle de acompañar ;
 La embaxada que os traemos
 Plegaos de la escuchar.

And at Paris' gates arriving,
When the Peers these tidings heard,
To attend them to the palace
Soon a gallant train appear'd.

Audience from their Lord the Emp'ror,
Lo! the valiant Knights require ;
When the King receiv'd the message,
Soon he granted their desire.

On their knees they bent before him,
When the Emp'ror bid them rise ;
But, to kiss his hand requesting,
He the gracious boon denies.

“ From thy Viceroyship, Count Irlos,
“ Com'st thou from beyond the sea ?
“ Where, brave Duke, hast thou been travelling ?
“ What thy errand here to me ?”

Thus they answer :—“ In fair Mantua,
“ With the Marquis have we been ;
“ Days in journeying thence to Paris,
“ Days, my Lord, we count fifteen.

“ By the noble Danes Urgel
“ On an embassy we're sent ;
“ May it please you, Sire, to hear it,
“ List'ning to the true intent ?”

Mandad salir todos fuera,
 No quede sino Roldan ;
 Que despues siendo contento
 Bien se podrà publicar.

Todos se salieron juntos
 De la Camara Real,
 Los quatro quedaron solos,
 Las puertas mandan cerrar.

Las rodillas por el suelo
 El Conde comenzò à hablar,
 O muy alto Emperador,
 Sacra Real Magestad ;

Tu vassallo soy, señor,
 Y de Francia natural ;
 Pues veugo por mensagero,
 Licencia me mandes dàr,
 Para decir mi embaxada,
 Si no recibes pesar.

Respondiò el Emperador,
 Sin el semblante mudar :
 Decid Conde à vuestra guisa
 No haveis de que recelar :

Yà sabeis que el mensagero
 Licencia tiene de hablar,
 El amigo, y enemigo,
 Siempre se debe escuchar ;
 Por amistad el amigo,
 Y al otro por se avisar.

None but brave Orlando resting,
With the Emp'ror stays alone ;
If they brought him evil tidings,
That the news might rest unknown.

In the royal hall of audience
Persons there remain'd but four ;
When the rest were all departed,
Closely did they bar the door.

On his knees then humbly bending,
Thus the Count preferri'd his speech :—
“ Mighty Emp'ror, deign to listen,
“ Humbly let my lips beseech.

“ I'm your vassal, France my country,
“ Freely grant me leave to speak ;
“ On an embassy of moment,
“ I your presence come to seek.”

“ Speak with freedom,” cry'd the Emp'ror,
“ Let me know what leads you here :
“ To your embassy I listen ;
“ Nothing have you room to fear.

“ Sacred he that brings a message,
“ Comes he from a friend or foe ;
“ And himself, in peace arriving,
“ Shall in peace securely go.”

Levantòse luego el Conde,
 Una carta fue à mostrar,
 La qual era de creencia,
 Diòla en manos de Roldan.

Comenzò à hacer su habla,
 Con discreto razonar ;
 Creyendo hacer servicio
 A tu sacra Magestad,
 Aceptè, señor, el cargo
 Deste mensage explicar,
 Porque sin passion alguna
 La verdad podrè contar,
 Segun que vengo informado,
 Sin añadir, ni quitar.

La embaxada que yo traygo
 Es justicia de mandar
 Del Principe Don Carloto,
 Tu proprio hijo carnal

Dicen que matò a traycion
 A Baldovinos el Infante,
 Hijo del buen Rey de Dacia,
 Tu vasallo natural.

Dicen que fue como aleve,
 Con engaño, y falsedad,
 Porque le rogò que fuesse
 Con él à lo acompañar,
 Por casarse con su esposa,
 Dicen que lo fue à matar.

From his knees then brave Count Irlos
Rose, and forth his credence drew ;
Gave the letter to Orlando,
And his speech did thus pursue :—

“ For the high and sacred honor
“ Of my royal Lord and King,
“ Did I undertake this message
“ From fair Mantua’s Duke to bring.

“ This same letter will inform you
“ What it grieves me to relate ;
“ Nothing adding nor extracting
“ From the truth that I shall state ;

“ And the message that I bring you
“ Doth concern your proper son,
“ Prince Carloto, to claim justice
“ For the evil he hath done.

“ By abhorrd unworthy treason
“ Baldwin he ignobly slew,
“ Son to Dacia’s King, your vassal,
“ Whom from hence he falsely drew ;

“ Falsely, since to guard him only
“ He seduc’d the Knight away ;
“ And, to wed his lovely Princess,
“ Did her Lord un pitying slay.

Deste delito se quexan
 Muchos hombres de linage,
 Que son parientes del muerto,
 Y sienten este desmàn.

El Marquès Danes Urgèl,
 Se muestra gran principal,
 Por ser tio de Baldovinos,
 Hermano del Rey su padre.

Demàs de ser su pariente,
 Tiene muy mayor pesar,
 Porque èl le hallò herido,
 Casi à punto de espirar,

Eu un bosque muy espeso,
 Apartado del lugar.
 El mismo le contò el caso,
 A èl se fue à encomendar.

En sus brazos espirò,
 Razon es no le olvidar :
 Y este Maestro de todos
 Urgèl de la fuerza grande,

Que es primo del Marquès,
 Yo tambien del Infante,
 Y ese Duque de Baviera,
 Con Reyner el singular,

“ Many a Peer of noblest lineage,
“ Grieving at this barb’rous deed,
“ And his highly injur’d parents,
“ Will against your son proceed.

“ First, the Marquis Danes Urgel
“ Justice does with speed require,
“ Uncle to the slain Prince Baldwin,
“ Brother to the King, his Sire.

“ Not that nephew late he call’d him,
“ But that he his nephew found
“ (Who can tell what anguish pain’d him ?)
“ Dying of a mortal wound ;

“ In a lonely forest dying,
“ Far from ev’ry pitying friend ;
“ And from his own mouth the story
“ Learnt of his untimely end.

“ In his uncle’s arms expiring,
“ Baldwin, with his latest breath,
“ Bade him not forget the vengeance
“ Due to his untimely death.

“ With the Marquis his near kinsman
“ Urgel, for his strength so fam’d,
“ And myself, Prince Baldwin’s cousin,
“ And Bavaria’s Duke, are nam’d.

Abuelo de Baldovinos,
Padre carnal de su Padre,
Y ese Rey de Sansueña,
Tu vassallo natural,
Padre de la Infanta Sevilla,
Que Christiana se fue à tornar,
Por amor de Baldovinos,
Para con èl se casar :
Y otros muchos Caballeros,
Tambien se van à quexar,
Los unos por parentesco,
Los otros por amistad ;
Sobre todos essa Reyna,
Doña Ermelina su madre ;
Tus naturales, y estraños,
Te embian à suplicar,
Que si tu hijo los mata,
Quien los ha de escudar ?
Si no mantienes justicia
Dexàran su natural,
Yà se partiran de Francia
A otros Reynos à morar.
El caso es abominable,
Y terrible de contar,
Tal caso es, señor, agravio,
Bien lo debes castigar.
Acuerdete de Torquato
De la justicia guardar,
Que no dexò sin castigo
Su unico hijo carnal,
Aunque perdonò la patria,
El no quiso perdonar.

“ Reyner too, Prince Baldwin’s grandsire ;

“ And Sansueña’s noble King,

“ Father to the fair Sybilla,

“ Would your son to justice bring :

“ She that for the love of Baldwin

“ Did the Christian faith embrace,

“ His fond spouse, with many another

“ Of an high and noble race.

“ Chief of all, his wretched mother

“ Ermelina doth complain ;

“ Loudly doth she call for pity,

“ And for vengeance on the slain.

“ All your subjects, struck with terror

“ When they hear the barb’rous crime,

“ If your son escapes, for ever

“ Will forsake their native clime.

“ Such an act, so vile and impious,

“ Is most fearful to relate ;

“ It demands condign chastisement,

“ And admits of no debate.

“ Sire, remember brave Torquatus,

“ Who, by sacred justice led,

“ E’en his son condemn’d, though triumph

“ Play’d around his manly head :

Si niegas, señor, justicia,
 Muchos te podrán culpar,
 Que tal caso como este
 No es para dexar passar;
 Mira bien, señor, en ello,
 Respuesta nos manda dàr.
 Turvòse el Emperador,
 Que apenas podia hablar,
 La mano puesta en la barba,
 Muy pensativo ademàs.

Al cabo de una gran pieza
 Tal respuesta le fue à dar:
 Si lo que haveis dicho Conde
 Se puede hacer verdad;

Mas quiero que mi hijo,
 Fuera el muerto sin dudar.
 El morir es una cosa
 Que à todos es natural,

La memoria queda viva,
 Del que muere sin fealdad:
 Del que vive deshonrado
 Se debe tener pesar,
 Porque assi viviendo muere,
 Olvidado de bondad.
 Decide Conde al Marquès,
 Y à quantos con él estàn,
 Que el pesar que tengo desto
 No lo pudo demostrar.

“ Disobedience still he punish’d :
“ Will you then, O King ! deny
“ Justice that we claim for murder,
“ And not yield your son to die ?”

With amazement seiz’d, the Emp’ror
 Silent for a space remain’d,
And, upon his hand reclining,
 Scarce the weight of grief sustain’d.

But at length an utterance finding,
 To Count Irlos thus reply’d,—
“ If indeed the truth you tell us,
“ Justice shall not be deny’d.

“ O, would rather this dire mischief
“ On my son had chanc’d to fall !
“ That he had been slain, since dying
“ Is the common lot of all !

“ But to die in foul dishonor
“ Will a stain eternal give,
“ And, a good name lost, for ever
“ Shall a blot in hist’ry live.

“ Therefore tell the noble Marquis,
“ Each one tell that sent you here,
“ That I will indeed demonstrate,
“ Though my son I hold so dear,

Mas yo darè tal exemplo,
 En esta muerte vengar,
 Que la pena del delito
 Sobrepue à la maldad :
 Porque todos escarmienten,
 Quantos lo oyeren nombrar,
 Y vengan à pedir justicia,
 Que yo la harè guardar,
 Como es costumbre de Francia,
 Usada de antiguedad.

Si buena verdad truxere,
 En mi corte se verà,
 Do mi persona estuviere,
 La justicia serà igual.
 Assi al pobre, como al rico,
 Assi al chico, como al grande,
 Y tambien al extrangero,
 Como al proprio natural.
 Antes quiero dexar memoria
 De gran riguridad,
 Que dexar sin dàr castigo
 Al que comete maldad ;
 Aunque sea mi propio hijo,
 Que me tiene de heredar.

Quando esto oyò el Conde Irlos,
 Las manos le fue à besar,
 Alabando la respuesta
 El Duque comenzò à hablar.

“ Yet that for the sake of justice

“ And example he shall die :

“ Justice that shall fall wherever

“ Any may the laws defy.

“ All shall hear it, and shall tremble :

“ Still in France hath justice reign’d ;

“ High nor low, nor friend nor stranger,

“ Ever hath in vain complain’d.

“ If the news be true you bring me,

“ As it shall in Court be seen,

“ Though I were to sit in person,

“ Ne’er would I the guilty screen.

“ Sooner had I leave behind me

“ A severe unpard’ning name,

“ Than let one escape chastisement

“ Whom the laws of justice claim.

“ Though my son be the offender,

“ To my crown undoubted heir,

“ Count, I do an oath most solemn

“ Of impartial justice swear.”

When the Count receiv’d his answer,

Strait he kiss’d the Emp’ror’s hand,

Praises on the King bestowing,

Worthy long to rule the land.

Siempre, señor, confiamos
De tu inelyta bondad,
Que por mantener en justicia,
Tal respuesta havias de dàr.

Mas porque el caso requiere
En sì mismo gravedad,

Y por ser el easo de hijo,
Tu no lo debes juzgar.

El Marquès Danes Urgèl
Te embia à suplicar,
Que porque tiene jurado
De en poblado no entrar,
Hasta que alcance derecho
De Carloto el Infante,

Y èl mismo tiene de ser
El que le ha de acusar,
Que no quiera ser presente
Para haver de sentenciar ;

Mas que nombres caballeros,
Que puedan determinar,
Segun costumbres de Francia
Entre hombres de linage ;

Y que los que señalares
Para este easo mirar,
Sean caballeros de Estado,
De tu Consejo Imperial,

Then the Duke this speech address'd him:—

“ Always did we firmly trust,
“ From your goodness, you wou'd rule us
“ With a sceptre highly just;

“ But, as now the case is weighty,
“ And a solemn course requires,
“ Where you cannot judge in person,
“ Danes Urgèl this desires:

“ As he hath an oath to heaven
“ Of the deepest nature swore,
“ Till his vengeance be accomplish'd
“ Never town to enter more;

“ As, too, he must the accuser
“ Of this great delinquent be,
“ Though he never can be present
“ Till from that high oath set free;

“ That you will name Knights best able
“ To adjudge this solemn case,
“ As in France the ancient custom
“ With its Peers of noble race;

“ And that such as you may destine
“ This high duty to pursue,
“ May be Cavaliers of honor,
“ Of the royal council too.

Y que lo hagan juramento
 De administrar la verdad,
 Y tu Magestad provca
 De señalar un lugar

En el campo sin poblado,
 Donde se haya de juzgar,
 Para oír ambas partes,
 Hasta execucion final.

Y porque el Marquès trae gente
 Para se liaver de guardar,
 De quien algo le quisiere,
 Y lo huvieren de enojar.

Y sus parientes, y amigos,
 Vienen por le acompañar ;
 Con ellos viene Reynaldos,
 El señor de Montalvàn ;

El qual està puesto en vandos
 Con sus sobrino Roldan ;
 Porque no sabe el Marquès
 Si recibiràs pesar ;

Ni quiere venir con gentes
 Sin saber tu voluntad,
 Pues viene à pedir justicia,
 Y no para guerrear ;

“ Let those Cavaliers swear firmly

“ To decree the truth alone;

“ That moreo'er to either party

“ Justice shall alike be shewn.

“ Let them mark without the city

“ Some wide space a camp to make,

“ And an area where Carloto

“ May his trial duly take.

“ There, too, let the noble Marquis

“ Bring his people to defend,

“ Lest there shou'd be some here present

“ Whose designs to mischief tend.

“ Let his trusty friends and kindred

“ Come alike with one accord,

“ And the high renown'd Rinaldo,

“ Fair Montalban's valiant Lord ;

“ Who at present with his nephew,

“ Brave Orlando, disagrees,

“ For he will not venture hither

“ Till he's sure it wont displease.

“ Neither will he bring his people

“ Till your royal will he knows,

“ Since he only comes for justice,

“ Not to battle with his foes ;

Que tu señor assegures,
 Y à quantos con èl vendrà,
 Mientras que durare el pleyto,
 Seguro le mandes dar,

Para venida, y estada,
 Y tambien para tornar ;
 No porque el tema à ninguno,
 Ni hay de quien recelar.

Mas por cumplir lo que debo
 Con tu Sacra Magestad.

Desta manera, señor,
 El vendrà sin retardar,
 Que yà es partido de Mautua,
 No cessa de caminar.
 Don Reynaldos lo aposenta,
 Sin hacer daño, ni mal,
 En tierra de señoríos
 Todos recaudo le dàñ,
 Pagando por sus dineros
 Lo que acostumbran pagar.
 Para passar por sus tierras
 Licencia les mandes dàr,
 Y todos los bastimentos
 Que huviere necessidad,
 Pagando lo que valieren,
 No se les debe negar.

“ Till he shall your royal promise
“ Of assur’d protection gain,
“ While the trial lasts at freedom
“ Unmolested to remain.

“ Hither both to come securely,
“ And securely to depart :
“ Not that fear assails his bosom,
“ For he hath a valiant heart ;

“ But that it would highly grieve him
“ If misfortunes should befall ;
“ Or if his respectful carriage
“ You should think indeed too small.

“ On these terms will you behold him
“ Hither bend without delay ;
“ Mantua’s walls he late hath quitted,
“ And is far upon his way.

“ Brave Rinaldo gives him quarters,
“ In his progress harming none ;
“ Still for his provisions paying,
“ Since his march he first begun.

“ Through his lands to pass that Chieftain
“ Grants him free and ample leave ;
“ As he comes in peace, his journey
“ Never can your subjects grieve.”

Al Emperador le plugò,
 Todo lo fue assi à otorgar,
 El Marquès venga seguro,
 Y quantos con èl estan.

Venga si quiere de guerra,
 O como le parecera,
 Yo le tomo so mi amparo
 Y so mi Corona Real.

Porque mas seguro venga
 Este mi anillo tomad,
 Y en todo lo que os prometo
 Siempre hallereis verdad.

La licencia que pedis
 Soy contento de os la dàr,
 Ordenad à vuestra guisa,
 Que assi lo quiero afirmar.

Sacò un anillo de oro,
 Con el sello Imperial,
 El Duque lo tomò, luego
 Las manos le fue à besar.

Del Emperador se despiden,
 A sus posadas se van.
 Don Roldan quedò enojado,
 Mas no lo quiso mostrar.

Well it pleas'd the noble Emp'ror

To accord this fair request :

“ Let the Marquis come securely,

“ Trusting to my high behest.

“ None shall harm him ; let him boldly

“ Come in war, or peace alone ;

“ Under the protection resting

“ Of my ancient royal throne.

“ As a higher pledge of safety,

“ Lo ! I give you, Duke, my ring ;

“ What I promise shall be sacred,

“ By the honor of a King.

“ All that you request is granted :

“ Once more, then, my word receive ;

“ Tell fair Mantua's Chief, this token,

“ As a sacred pledge, I give.”

At these words a ring he gave him,

Which th' Imperial seal display'd ;

Then the royal hand he kisses,

And with thanks the boon repaid.

With respectful bows departing,

Forth the valiant Barons go ;

Count Orlando sorely vexing,

Though his wrath he dar'd not shew.

Luego se supo en la corte
 Todo lo que fue à passar,
 La Embaxada que traian,
 Y lo que venian demandar.

Mucho peso à Don Carloto,
 Quierolo dissimular,
 Fuesse al Emperador,
 A verse de disculpar;

Mas nunca lo quiso oír,
 Sino en Consejo real,
 La audiencia que le diò
 Fue mandarlo aprisionar,

Hasta ser determinado
 Por su Corte la verdad.
 Desque preso, y à recaudo
 En guarda lo fuera à dar.

A Don Arnaldos de Berlanda,
 Que Añuelos suelen llamar,
 Gran Condestable de Fraucia,
 En Cortes gran Senescal.

Mucho pesaba à los grandes,
 Que le tienen amistad,
 Sobre todos le pesaba
 A este Paladin Roldan.

Through the court, and through the city
Was the story shortly spread ;
All that pass'd, and what the Emp'ror
Had to these brave Chieftains said.

Prince Carloto, full of terror,
Did to see his father speed,
To excuse his crime, disowning
Such a wicked barb'rous deed :

But the Emp'ror vow'd to hear him
In his royal court alone ;
And the audience that he gave him
Was a mandate from his throne,

Fast in prison to confine him,
Till they should award the truth :
To Arnaldo of Berlanda
He encharg'd the guilty youth ;

To Arnaldo call'd Añuelos,
Lord High Constable of France,
Marshal of the Court, to keep him
Till the trial shou'd advance.

Highly did it grieve the courtiers,
And the Prince's other friends ;
But Count Palatine Orlando
Much the vig'rous step offends.

Todos buscaban manera
 Para lo haver de soltar,
 Mas nunca el Emperador
 A nadie quiso escuchar.

Quando mas por èl rogaban,
 Mas lo hacian guardar.

Cada dia en consejo
 Las leyes hacia mirar,
 Quien tal crimen cometia,
 Què pena le havian de dàr

Estando en esto las cosas
 El Marquès fuera à llegar,
 A tres millas de París,
 En vista de la ciudad.

No quiso passar adelante,
 Mandò sentar su Real,
 Aposentòle Reynaldos
 Ribera de un Rio caudal,
 Do mejor le parecia,
 Y mas seguro lugar.
 El se passò adelante
 Una milla, ò poco mas,
 Armaron luego sutienda,
 Su vandera mandò alzar.

Ev'ry means they try'd to free him,
Oft assail'd the Emp'r'or's ear ;
Deaf he prov'd to all entreaties,
Aud their prayers refus'd to hear.

Still the more they importun'd him,
Still the stronger guard he set,
Firmly to the state resolving
He shou'd pay his forfeit debt.

Ev'ry day, too, in the council
Were the laws of justice read,
To discover what chastisement
Shou'd descend upon his head.

In these cautious steps proceeding,
Drew the noble Marquis near,
And, within three miles of Paris
Resting, saw its tow'rs appear.

Nearer wou'd he not approach it,
Dreading still some secret foes ;
Whilst a station near the river
For his camp Rinaldo chose :

But, more near himself adventuring,
Pitch'd his tents with courage brave,
Where he bade his streaming banners
High in martial glory wave.

Y la gente de la corte,
Todos iban à mirar,
El gran campo del Marquès,
Su concierto singular,
La diversidad de gentes,
Y el orden que en todos hay.
Muchos Señores, y Grandes,
Al Marquès iban à hablar,
Por probar algun concierto,
Y saber su voluntad.
El estaba en su tienda,
En aquel estado grande,
Armado de todas armas,
Y descubierta la faz.
El ataúd alli delante
Por mas dolor demostrar ;
La madre de Baldovinos,
Y su esposa alli à la par,
De aquella forma, y manera,
Que arriba oïstes nombrar.
Los que venian à la tienda,
Para el Marquès visitar,
Desque lo veian armado,
Y de aquella forma estar,
Havian del compassion,
Y segaban por le hablar ;
Recibialos muy bien,
Cabe él los hacia sentar ;
El caso como passara
A todos iba à contar.

From the Court this fine encampment
Numbers came, well pleas'd, to view ;
Much admir'd its curious order,
Much its various nations too.

Many a Lord of birth and grandeur
To the Marquis sought to speak,
Plots against his peace to hinder,
And his will and pleasure seek.

In his tent in high state sat he,
Like a prince upon his throne,
Arm'd at ev'ry point completely,
With his beaver up alone.

And before him stood the coffin,
Where Prince Baldwin lay in state,
And his hapless wife and mother
Mourning his untimely fate.

All that came the tents to visit,
And the noble Marquis see,
When they saw him arm'd, and seated
Thus in solemn majesty,

Mov'd with deep sincere compassion,
Words of gentle comfort spoke ;
Kindly he receiv'd them, silence
Often as they question'd broke :

Quando algo le rogaban
Mostraban mucho pesar,
Rogaba con cortesia
Le quisessen perdonar,
Por no poder complacellos,
Como era su voluntad,
Porque èl se havia quitado
En esto la libertad.
El juramento que hizo
A todos hacia mostrar,
Porque ellos no tuviessen causa,
Sobre ello importunar.

Los grandes que alli venian
No le quieren fatigar,
Ni querian sobre el caso
Su dolor le renovar.

Bolvianse para París,
Pensativos à demàs,
Diciendo, tiene razon,
El Marquès de se vengar,

De un tan gran dolor,
Y hacerle bien castigar.

Told them all the fatal story
Of his lamentable woe;
Courteously requir'd their pardon,
That he cou'd no favors shew.

Rich regales and costly feastings,
He, alas! had laid aside,
And by oath of ev'ry pleasure
For a time himself deny'd.

Ev'ry pitying Noble's bosom
Strove to give his tears relief;
Little do they ask, unwilling
Deep to probe his cureless grief.

But to Paris back returning,
Thoughtful more than when they came,
"Justly," cry they, "does the Marquis
"Vengeance for his injuries claim;

"Justly does he seek atonement,
"Calling this a common cause:
"E'en a prince, accus'd of murder,
"Must submit him to the laws.

"With both life and fortune aiding,
"Though our Sovereign we respect,
"Still, the noble Marquis guarding,
"We with heart and hand protect."

Quando el Emperador supo
 Que el Marquès iba à llegar,
 Manda llamar al Consejo
 En su Palacio Real.

Mando quando fueron juntos
 Los Embaxadores llamar,
 La Embaxada que truxeron
 Tornassen à racontar.

Levantòse el Conde de Irlos,
 Comenzòle à explicar ;
 Desque la huvo acabado
 Tomòse luego à sentar.

Todos se maravillaron
 De oír tan gran maldad,
 Por amor del Emperador
 Todos reciben pesar.

Miranse unos à otros
 A todos parece mal,
 Antes que hablasse ninguno,
 El Emperador quiso hablar.

Lo que aqui pide el Marquès,
 Por primero, y principal,
 Es, que yo nombre Jueces,
 Para esto determinar.

When the Emp'r'or heard the Marquis
Was arriv'd, he sent to call
Ev'ry member of his council
To his spacious audience hall;

And, when round about him seated,
To th' Embassadors he sent,
And the tidings first they brought him
Bade them truly represent.

Rising at his word, Count Irlos
Did the grievous case explain,
Turning, when his speech was ended,
Slowly to his seat again.

Ev'ry Knight lamented deeply
Such a doleful tale to hear,
Grieving for the Emp'r'or highly,
To each gen'rous heart so dear.

Round they look'd upon each other,
But not one the silence broke,
And, before their tongues found utt'rance,
Thus his thoughts the Emp'r'or spoke:—

“ What the Marquis has requested,
“ In the first and nearest place,
“ Is that I shall name the Judges
“ To decide this solemn case.

Por ser caso de Carloto,
Presente no quiero estar
Para mejor señalarlos,
Y todo mi poder dàr,
Que administren la justicia
En su conciencia, y verdad.
A todos està mirando,
Y comienzales de hablar,
Los Jueces que yo nombro
Por justicia guardar,
El uno es Dardin Dardeña,
Que Delfin suelen llamar,
De tres Estados de Francia,
El primero en aconsejar.
Otro el Conde de Flandes,
Don Alberto el singular,
Uno de los tres Estados,
El primero en el mandar.
Otro el Duque de Borgoña,
Primer estado en jusgar,
Riguroso, y justicero,
En mis Reynos principal.
Otro el Duque Don Carlos,
Mi Sargento General;
Otro el Conde de Foix,
El buen viejo Don Beltran;
Otro sea Don Reyner,
Llamado Duque de Aste:

“ As I cannot sit in person

“ On my own offending son,

“ And I would have strictest justice

“ To the sev’ral parties done;

“ Thus you learn my sov’reign pleasure,”

(Looking round on ev’ry Peer)

“ These to name t’ award the sentence,

“ When they shall the trial hear.

“ First, renown’d Dardin Dardeña,

“ Who in France we Dauphin call,

“ Of the three Estates the eldest,

“ In the Council chief of all.

“ Next in rank, the Count of Flanders,

“ Albert, high in armis renown’d;

“ Of the three Estates in power,

“ And in arms the Gen’ral crown’d.

“ Burgundy’s great Duke, for justice

“ None so truly fam’d as he ;

“ And Duke Charles, my Serjeant Gen’ral,

“ Shall the two next Judges be.

“ Bourbon’s Duke, my cousin Grimwald,

“ And Count Bertram, call’d the Old ;

“ Count of Foix ; and valiant Reyner,

“ Astè’s Duke, are next enroll’d.

Y el Conde Don Galalon,
De Alemania principal.
Otro el Duque de Bibiano,
De Agramonte natural,
Assistente de mi Corte,
Para los pleytos juzgar.
Otro el Duque de Saboya,
Que aventuras fue à busear,
Y en las mas partes del mundo
Franceses vido passar.
Otro el Duque de Ferrara,
Essa nombrada ciudad ;
Don Arnaldo el Gran Bastardo,
Que assi se hace intitular.
Otro sea Don Guarinos,
Almirante de la mar,
De todas flotas, y armadas,
Sobre todas General.
Y nombro por Presidente,
Para en mi lugar estar,
Don Arnaldo de Berlanda,
De Francia Gran Condestable ;
Por esto le doy mi cetro
Absoluto en mandar.
Todos estos juntos pueden
Absolver, y sentenciar ;
Esto pide el Marquès,
Como se debe juzgar,
Si por prueba de testigos,
O trance de pelear.

“ Galalon, the noble German ;
“ Valiant Duke Bibiano too,
“ In my royal courts assisting,
“ Judging ev’ry cause so true.

“ And the noble Duke of Savoy,
“ Who adventures went to seek,
“ And in ev’ry part with Frenchmen
“ Still it was his chance to speak.

“ Fam’d Ferrara’s Duke, and Arnold,
“ Who himself Grand Bastard writes ;
“ And the hardy Chief Guarinos,
“ Who at sea as Admiral fights :

“ Chief Commander of our Squadrons—
“ And for President advance
“ Count Arnaldo of Berlanda,
“ Lord High Constable of France :

“ To him do I give my sceptre,
“ And confer the sov’reign pow’r,
“ To award the solemn sentence
“ In this most afflicting hour.

“ This the Marquis claims, and justice
“ Bids me his demand allow ;
“ Let them seek the proof by witness,
“ Or by arms the truth avow.

Yo les doy mi commission,
 Con poder, y facultad,
 Que la sentencia que dieren
 La pueden executar,

Segun costumbre de Francia,
 Por su propia autoridad,
 Dandole pena, y castigo,
 A quien se huviere de dàr :

Assi por via de justicia,
 Como por en campo entrar,
 Al qual pueden ser presentes,
 Y en mi nombre assegurar.

Y al Marquès Danes Urgèl,
 Y quantos con èl vendràr :
 Mas que mi persona propia,
 Nadie le puede enojar.

Assi como aqui lo dixo
 A todo lo fue à mandar,
 So pena de ser traydor
 Quien lo osasse quebrantar.

“ My commission have I giv’n them,
“ And the sentence they decree
“ Shall most surely be accomplish’d,
“ When they shall our justice see.

“ As in France the ancient custom
“ Of our sacred law requires,
“ Just chastisement still awarding
“ Where th’ offended side desires;

“ Thus shall justice be their guardian
“ When they enter in the field,
“ And, all parties there assembled,
“ In my name, securely shield.

“ Thus the Marquis Danes Urgel,
“ And the soldiers of his train,
“ Shall, with gen’rous treatment meeting,
“ Find no motive to complain.

“ Let the Judges, as we bid them,
“ Ev’ry wise precaution take ;
“ Treason against all proclaiming
“ Who the peace presume to break.”

ROMANCE

DEL

MARQUES DE MANTUA.

—
PARTE TERCERA.*Sentencia dada al Principe Don Carloto.*
—

EN el nombre de Jesus,
Que todo el mundo ha formado,
Y de la Virgen su Madre,
Que de niño lo ha criado.

Nosotros Dardin Dardeña,
Delfin en Francia llamado ;
Don Alberto, y Don Reyner,
De tres Estados nombrado ;

El Conde de Flandes viejo,
Consejero delegado,

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF THE
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

PART THIRD.

Prince Carloto's Sentence and Punishment.

“ IN the sacred name of Jesus,
“ Who created heav’n and earth,
“ In the holy Virgin Mother’s,
“ Who with gladness hail’d his birth ;

“ We, the first Dardin Dardeña,
“ Who in France we Dauphin call,
“ Of the three Estates the eldest,
“ In the council Chief of all ;

“ Albert next, the Count of Flanders,
“ High in arts and arms renown’d,
“ Of the three Estates in power,
“ And command the Gen’ral crown’d ;

Con el Duque de Borgoña,
El primer en el juzgado ;
Con el buen Duque Don Carlos,
El Regente Sargentado ;

Con el Duque de Borbon,
Don Arnaldo fiel cuñado
Del muy alto Emperador,
Y con su hermana casado.

El buen viejo Don Beltràn,
Y el Conde Foix esforzado,
Y el Conde Don Galalon,
Con el Duque de Bibiano.

Y el Duque de Saboya,
Que aventuras ha buscado ;

Con el Duque de Ferrara,
Con Arnaut el Gran Bastardo ;
El Almirante Guarinos,
En las mares estimado.

Don Arnaldo de Berlanda,
Condestable diputado
En el lugar, y mandar
Del gran Emperador Carlos.

“ Burgundy’s great Duke, in justice
“ And alike in mercy great,
“ And Duke Charles, our Serjeant Gen’ral,
“ Made fourth solemn judge of state ;

“ Bourbon’s Duke, and noble Grinwald,
“ With Count Bertram, call’d the Old ;
“ Count of Foix; and valiant Reyner,
“ Astè’s Duke, are next enroll’d.

“ Galalon, the noble German,
“ Valiant Duke Bibiano too,
“ At the royal Courts assisting,
“ Judging ev’ry cause so true ;

“ And the gallant Duke of Savoy,
“ Who adventures went to seek,
“ And in ev’ry part with Frenchmen
“ Still it was his chance to speak ;

“ Fam’d Ferrara’s Duke, and Arnold,
“ Who himself Grand Bastard writes,
“ And the hardy Chief Guarinos,
“ Who at sea as Admiral fights ;

“ And Arnaldo of Berlanda,
“ In the presidential seat,
“ He that holds the royal sceptre,
“ As in wisdom most discreet ;

Todos juntos en consejo,
Y acuerdo determinado,
Vista la requisicion
Que el Marquès havia dado,
Vista tambien la deunanda
Que el Marquès ha proposado,
Vistas todas las respuestas
Que Carloto ha embiado,
El processo por entero
Con gran fe examinado,
Lo que venia de justicia,
Y de derecho mirado.
A la una, y otra parte,
El derecho no quitando,
Teniendo a Dios en la muerte,
Y en los ojos presentado.
Visto que claro parece,
Por lo que es alegado,
Que segun la Ley divina,
Quien à otro muerte ha dado,
Con cuchillo, ò sin, el muera,
Y à tal acto exercitado.
Y visto que à traycion
Don Carloto ha inventado,
En matar à Baldovinos
En un bosque despoblado,
Segun que claro parece,
Por la confession que ha dado
Don Carloto à la demanda,
Que el Marquès ha presentado.

“ We, deputed by the Emp’ror
“ To present his sov’reign pow’r,
“ In high council now assembled,
“ Thus adjudge this solemn hour ;

“ At the Marquis’s petition,
“ Who complains himself aggriev’d,
“ Well consid’ring ev’ry answer
“ From Carloto we receiv’d ;

“ All the process well examin’d,
“ As in strictest justice due,
“ Keeping God’s high mandate present,
“ And his glory still in view ;

“ Seeing that whoever basely
“ Dares to break the law divine,
“ And by wicked act of murder
“ Doth his soul to guilt consign ;

“ Seeing, too, by horrid treason
“ Prince Carloto in a wood,
“ Wild and desert, slew Prince Baldwin,
“ And his hands in blood imbru’d ;

“ And that what the noble Marquis
“ Did with solemn truth attest,
“ This high crime by him committed
“ Prince Carloto hath confess’d ;

Visto que punto por punto,
El delito ha confessado,
Por la pena del tormento
Con que lo havia negado.
Y visto que nada obsta,
Que èl se haya juscgado
A la Audiencia Real,
Pues no le han perdonado
Lo que viene de justicia,
Sin à otro haver mirado.

Por esta nuestra sentencia
Cada qual bien informado
Del hecho de la verdad,
Segun que ha confessado ;

Condenamos à Carloto,
Primero à ser arrastrado
Por el campo en el arena,
Con un rocio mal domado.

Despues de lo qual, queremos
Que sea descabezado
En un alto cadahalso,
Do pueda ser bien mirado
De fuera de la Ciudad,
Por donde serà llevado.
Despues de lo qual cumplido,
Y aquesto ser acabado,
Porque mas pagado quede,
Que le corten pies, y manos.

“ Though, till he endur’d the torture,
“ He denied the wicked deed ;
“ Seeing nought doth now prevent us
“ In just judgment to proceed ;

“ And that in his audience chamber
“ What the course of justice claim’d,
“ Ev’ry other object scorning,
“ Thus the King his mandate fram’d,

“ That we should the truth endeavour
“ In fair trial to unfold,
“ And that to resist our sentence
“ None should dare, with malice bold :

“ We decree that Prince Carloto
“ Shall be first dragg’d through the field
“ By an untam’d colt, and after
“ Shall upon the scaffold yield,

“ (Some high scaffold, where the people
“ May all see, and stand in dread)
“ Yield, for Baldwin’s cruel murder,
“ To the laws his forfeit head.

“ And, when this hath been completed,
“ As in sacred justice meet,
“ They shall sever from his body
“ Both his hands and both his feet.

Y mandamos despues desto,
 Que sea desquartizado ;
 Lo qual cumplido, queremos
 Sea un edificio obrado,
 De piedra muy labrada,
 Y de canto bien picado.

Que sea en lo venidero
 Memoria de lo passado,
 Del caso de Baldovinos,
 Y de como fue vengado.

Don Carloto temeroso,
 Aunque era muy esforzado,
 Estremeciòse quando oyò,
 Lo que se ha publicado.

Esforzòse quanto pudo,
 Una pluma ha demandado ;
 Dieronle tinta, y papel,
 Una carta ha ordenado.

Con un Page que allì estaba,
 A Don Roldan la ha embiado,
 Nadie sabe lo que embia,
 A escribirla se ha apartado.

Don Roldan leyò el papel,
 Y todo se ha alterado ;
 El de cierto bien quisiera
 Dàr remedio en lo rogado.

“ Then his body shall be quarter’d,
“ And a lofty column built
“ Of hewn stone, a lasting fabric
“ That shall tell the world his guilt;

“ Baldwin’s death, so much lamented,
“ And the manner how he dy’d,
“ With the vengeance on his murd’rer,
“ Who the laws of God defy’d.”

When Carloto heard this sentence,
Dreadful fears his bosom shook,
All the blood his cheeks forsaking,
Terror reign’d in ev’ry look.

But, his senses soon returning,
Pen and paper he demands,
And a letter writes, though scarcely
He cou’d guide his trembling hands.

This dispatch’d he to Orlando
By a Page who there remain’d ;
No one cou’d divine within it
What the matter it contain’d.

When Orlando read the letter,
He was left in double strait ;
And he wish’d, but dar’d not venture,
To oppose Carloto’s fate.

Doloroso, y pensativo,
Un poco rato ha mirado,
Duda si podrà hacer
Lo que le fue suplicado,
O si debe dar desvio
A lo que le han recitado.
Hallase puesto en grau duda,
En gran estrecho, y cuidado,
El amor dice que haga,
El temor teme el mandado
Del muy gran Emperador,
Que el Marquès ha assegurado.
Mas al fin quiere la sangre
Perder por èl su Estado.
Delibera esta respuesta,
Que no estè atemorizado.
Que con parientes, y amigos
El saldrà al campo armado,
Con deseo de perder
La vida, ò ser remediado.
Sin que gran rato passasse,
Fue Don Carloto informado
De lo que ordena Roldan,
Por lo qual fue algo gozado;
Quierolo dissimular
Mas no pudo ser zelado,
Allegòse al Condestable,
Y el papel lo ha tomado.
Leido fue el papel,
Por París se ha divulgado,
Que Don Roldan hace gente,
Y que gente ha juntado.

Mournful, and in pensive silence,
How to act he did not know ;
Whether, list'ning to Carloto,
He should bold resistance shew.

And the more he mus'd upon it,
Deeper still his doubts appear'd ;
Love and friendship urg'd him forward,
But the Emp'ror's wrath he fear'd ;

Fear'd the promise made the Marquis.—
Friendship he at length obey'd,
And this answer to Carloto
By the Page he reconvey'd :—

“ With his faithful friends and kindred
“ That he'd sally to the field,
“ And, his life for his sake risking,
“ Ne'er to this harsh sentence yield.”

When Carloto knew the answer,
Hope he breath'd, and ardent joy,
But a Guard, that moment ent'ring,
Did each empty hope destroy ;

For he seiz'd and read the letter ;
And through Paris then 'twas known
That Orlando troops was raising
For Carloto's sake alone.

El Emperador que lo sabe
Al Marquès ha avisado,
Mandè poner à Carloto
Apercibido, y à recaudo ;
Pregonar por la Ciudad,
Que nadie sea osado,
So perdicion de la vida
Al otro dia ir armado.
A Roldan embiò à decir,
Que èl tampoco sea osado
De mas en París estar,
Hasta un año passado,
So pena de ser traydor,
Y por tal ser publicado.
El Marquès que sintiò el caso,
A Reynaldos ha embiado,
Que mañana amaneciendo,
Sea sin falta llegado,
A las puertas de París,
Con tres mil hombres de Estado :
Do à caballo lleve mil,
Y que no sea mudado,
Hasta tanto que Carloto
Al campo serà llevado,
Y puesto en el cadahalso,
Do ha de ser sentenciado.
Y qualquier que con vos venga,
Defienda lo encomendado.
Otro dia de mañana
Assi fue todo acabado.

When the Emp'ror heard these tidings,
To the Marquis word he sent,
And, Carloto doubly guarding,
Did his friend's design prevent.

Through the city then 'twas publish'd,
To prevent these fresh alarms,
That no person, pain of treason,
Shou'd next day be seen in arms.

Count Orlando was forbidden
Fore his sov'reign to appear,
And from Paris distant banish'd
For the space of one whole year.

But the Marquis bade Rinaldo,
At the early morning's light,
With three thousand troops be ready
Round about the gates, to fight;

And a thousand horse appointed,
Near the city in array,
And the scaffold where Carloto
Was his forfeit life to pay;

Bravely ord'ring them to combat,
If resistance any dar'd:
With the early rays of morning
Thus was ev'ry point prepar'd.

Ya sacaban à Carloto
Con hierros aherrojado,
Los Pregoneros delante,
Su gran maldad publicando.

Quando fueron à la puerta,
Don Reynaldos lo ha tomado,
En medio toda la gente
Lo ha bien aposentado

Quando son al cadahalso
Do ha de ser sentenciado
Delante toda París
Fue muy bien executado,
Segun que por la sentencia
Fue proveido, y mandado.
Assi muriò Don Carloto
Quedando aovesado ;
Y Baldovinos viviendo,
Aunque muerto, muy honrado.

Prince Carloto from the prison,
Fast in irons bound, they led ;
Royal heralds march'd before him,
Who his crime and sentence read.

At the city gates Rinaldo
Took him from the Marshal's hands,
And, in midst of all the people,
Led him bound with hempen bands.

Justly then all Paris saw him
On the fatal scaffold bleed :
Thus the sentence was accomplish'd,
As the Judges had decreed ;

Thus Carloto dy'd, his mem'ry
Sunk in everlasting shame,
Whilst in death was Baldwin honor'd
With unfading wreaths of fame.

ROMANCE

DEL

MARQUES DE MANTUA.

—
QUARTA PARTE.*Las Exequias de Baldovinos.*
—

GRAN estruendo de campanas
 Por todo París havia,
 Su doloroso sonido
 Las piedras entristecia,

Por muerte de un caballero
 Baldovinos se decia ;
 Uno era de los Doce,
 Y de reyes descendia.

Yà lo llevan à enterrar
 Con gran pompa en demasìa ;
 Grandes mortajas, y lutos,
 Mucha gente le seguia.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF THE
MARQUIS OF MANTUA.

PART FOURTH.

The Obsequies of Prince Baldwin.

HARK ! the bells of Paris tolling,
Yield a melancholy sound,
Melting e'en the stones to pity
For a Knight so high renown'd ;

For the good and gallant Baldwin,
Of the Twelve illustrious Peers,
From a race of kings descended,
Slaughter'd in his prime of years.

Forth with royal pomp they bear him
To the silent mournful tomb ;
Knights and friars, a train attending,
Weeping his untimely doom ;

El gran numero de hachas
Vence la lumbre del dia ;
Cien Pages cabe la tumba,
Que le llevan compaÑia.

Muchos Duques, muchos Condes,
Muy grande caballeria ;
Cantandole van respondos
Infinita clerecia.

El gran Cardenal de Ostia,
Por Presbytero venia :
El Arzobispo de Milà
De Diacono servia.

Por Subdiacono dellos
El Obispo de Aux venia.
Allà en San Juan de Letràn,
El aparato se hacia

De una rica sepultura,
Que à las del mundo excedia.

Toda la piedra jaspe,
Y hermosa mazoneria,
Y unas columnas de marmol
En donde se sostenia.

Torches in such number bearing
As eclipse the light of day ;
Whilst a hundred Pages follow
Where the coffin leads the way.

Dukes, and Counts, and noble Barons,
All in long procession ride ;
Priests behind them slowly walking,
Who responses loudly cry'd.

First, the Cardinal of Ostia
As Chief Priest the corse attends ;
Then th' Archbishop of fair Milan
As his Deacon humbly bends.

With a bishop for Subdeacon,
Aux the title that he bears ;
To St. John of Lateran marching,
Slow the funeral pomp repairs.

Rich the tomb, so rich that never
Tomb of kings did more exceed ;
Deck'd with many a curious sculpture,
Many a fam'd recording deed :

Of the rarest jasper fashion'd
With the highest skill of art ;
Marble pillars, finely polish'd,
Round it shine in ev'ry part.

H echas, pues, yà las exequias,
Como à èl pertenecia,
Ciñenle estóque dorado
De gran precio, y valia.

Metenle yelmo muy rico
De infinita pedreria.
En habitó militar,
Y armado por esta via,

Lo meten en el sepulchro,
Como usarse solia ;
Quedando el cuerpo con fama,
Con gloria el alma subia.

When the obsequies were ended
Due to such a noble Knight,
Round him his rich belt they fasten'd,
And the sword he wore in fight.

On his head a helmet placing,
With bright jewels cover'd o'er;
Last in soldier's dress array'd him,
As in life the hero wore.

Then within the tomb they lay him,
And the pond'rous marble close;
Here in fame his body resting,
Whilst his soul to glory goes.

ROMANCE

DB

DON GAYFEROS.

ASSENTADO està Gayferos
En el Palacio Real,
Assentado està al tablero
Para las tablas jugar.

Los dados tiene en la mano,
Que no les quieres enojar,
Quando entrò por la sala
Don Carlos el Emperante.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
GAYFEROS.

THIS Ballad engages the whole of the 9th chapter of the 2d book and 2d part of Don Quixote; a chapter so exquisitely diverting, that it would be an injury to transcribe any part of it; we therefore refer the reader to the original volume.

IN the royal palace sitting,
Ere he had begun to play,
As before the Prince Gayferos
Wide the * tables open lay,

In his hand the dice retaining,
Just upon the point to throw,
To the Knight the King, approaching,
Did his royal person shew.

* The game here meant is probably Trictrac, or French backgammon.

Desque assi jugar le vido
 Comenzòle de mirar,
 Hablandole està hablando
 Palabras de gran pesar.

Si tan buenos sois Gayferos
 Para las armas tomar,
 Còmo sois para los dados,
 Y para las tablas jugar :

Vuestra esposa tienen Moros,
 Iriadesla à buscar ;
 Pesame à mi por ella,
 Porque es mi hija carnal.

De mucho fue demandada,
 Y à nadie quise tomar ;
 Pues casastes por amores,
 Amores la han de casar.

Si en otro fuera casada
 No estuviera donde està.

Gayferos que aquesto oyera
 Movido de gran pesar,
 Levantòse del tablero
 No quiriendo mas jugar.

With a scornful look he ey'd him,

Utt'ring with a taunt severe,—

“ O Gayferos, how it shames me

“ To behold you idling here!

“ Were you but in arms as dext'rous

“ As at tables and the dice,

“ You would hold your honor surely

“ At a far more worthy price;

“ And your spouse, to Moors a captive,

“ This would lead you to regain.

“ Much I'm griev'd to think my daughter

“ Should a hapless slave remain.

“ Many another Chieftain gladly

“ Would have call'd the maid his own:

“ Since for love she chose to wed you,

“ Love must be her friend alone.

“ But if other Knight possess'd her,

“ There, forsooth, she wou'd not stay;

“ By immortal deeds of valour

“ He would bring his spouse away.”

When renown'd Gayferos heard him,

Deeply griev'd the speech he bore,

And, uprising from the tables,

Vow'd that he would play no more;

A manos toma el tablero
 Para haverle de arrojar,
 Sino por quien con èl juega,
 Que era hombre de linage.

Jugaba con èl Guarinos,
 Almirante de la mar ;
 Voces dà por el Palacio,
 Que al cielo quieren llegar.

Preguntando, preguntando
 Por su tio Don Roldan,
 Hallaronlo en el patio,
 Que queria cavalgar.

Con èl estaba Oliveros,
 Y Durandarte el galàn,
 Con èl muchos de los Doce,
 Que à una mesa comen pan.

Gayferos que aquesto visto
 Comenzàra de hablar ;
 Por Dios os ruego mi tio,
 Por Dios os quiero rogar,

Vuestras armas, y caballo,
 Vos me las querais prestar,
 Que mi tio el Emperador,
 Muy mal me quiso tratar.

And, the tables rudely seizing,
Fain had dash'd 'em to the ground;
But reflection, soon returning,
Kept his rage in decent bound.

With a Noble was he playing,
With the Admiral of the fleet.
Through the palace instant shouting,
Fain he wou'd his uncle meet.

Soon he heard that Count Orlando
Was upon the point to ride;
In the court Gayferos found him,
Just as he had leap'd astride.

Oliveros stood beside him,
Durandarte too was there;
And the Twelve, at one round table
Who the same rich viands share.

When the gallant Prince perceiv'd them,
Thus he cry'd before them all;—
“ Oh, for heav'n's sake, uncle, hear me!
“ Hold not my entreaties small,

“ Sorely hath the Emp'ror griev'd me;
“ Stand I beg you, then, my friend,
“ And your noble steed and armour
“ For a season kindly lend!

Dice que soy para poco,
Y no para armas tomar;
Bien lo sabeis vos mi tio,
Bien sabceis vos la verdad.

Si no busqué à mi esposa,
Culpa no me pueden dàr,
Tres años anduve triste
Por los montes, y los valles;

Comiendo la carne cruda,
Bebiendo la roxa sangre,
Trayendo los pies descalzos,
Las uñas corriendo sangre.

Nunca yo hallarla pude,
En quanto yo pude andar,
Ahora sè que està en Sansueña,
En Sansueña essa Ciudad.

Sabeis que estoy sin caballo,
El armas otro que tal,
Que las tiene Montesinos,
Que es ido à festejar,

Allà à los Reynos de Ungrìa,
Para torneos armar,
Pues sin armas, ni caballo,
Mal la podrè yo sacar.

“ With a taunting speech he told me

“ That for arms I was not fit ;

“ But the truth you know, and surely

“ Will your nephew now acquit.

“ If my spouse I seek no longer,

“ Can the fault be justly mine ?

“ Plains I trod, and vales, and mountains,

“ Three whole years with this design.

“ Wand’ring wretched, eating only

“ * Herbs ; my drink the crystal flood :

“ Till my feet, with rough flints wounded,

“ Run a purple stream of blood.

“ ’Twas not my good chance to find her,

“ Though I sought with tend’rest care ;

“ Now I learn that in Sansueña

“ She’s a hapless captive there.

“ Horse and armour Montesinos

“ Mine in some gay tilt employs :

“ Far to Hungary hath he journey’d,

“ Eager for those manly joys.

“ Freely to my friend I lent them,

“ But it leads me now to you :

“ Neither horse nor arms possessing,

“ How shall I my course pursue ?

* The Spanish says, “ Eating raw flesh, and drinking blood.” I have substituted more delicate sentiments.

Por esso ruego, mi tio,
 Las vuestras me querais dàr.
 Don Roldan que aquesto oyera,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr.

Callad sobrino Gayferos,
 No querais hablarlo tal,
 Siete años vuestra esposa
 Ha que està en cautividad.

Siempre os he visto con armas,
 Y caballo otro que tal,
 Y ahora que estais sin ellas,
 Las querais ir à buscar.

Juramento tengo hecho,
 Allà en San Juan de Letràn,
 A nadie prestar mis armas,
 No las hagan cobardar.

Mi caballo es bien vezado,
 Mal no le quieran vezar.

Gayferos, que aquesto oyera,
 La espada fuera à sacar,
 Con una voz muy ayrada,
 Comenzàra de hablar.

“ Humbly, then, do I entreat you

“ To attend to my request :

“ Your’s to lend !”—Orlando, answ’ring,

Thus the gallant Prince address’d :—

“ Silence, nephew ! talk not idly,

“ Nor a falsehood thus maintain ;

“ Sev’n years doth your spouse so lovely

“ Captive with the Moors remain.

“ Still with horse and arms I’ve seen you ;

“ But when now you neither boast,

“ E’en you’d go to seek your lady,

“ Courting honor’s fairest post.

“ Know then at St. John’s of Lat’ran

“ This firm oath I truly swore,

“ Ne’er to lend my horse nor armour

“ To another Chieftain more,

“ Lest some coward shou’d disgrace him,

“ And ill treat my noble steed,

“ Who his own and master’s honor

“ Does with equal knowledge heed.”

When Gayferos heard this answer,

In a furious rage he flew,

And his sabre from the scabbard

In an instant fiercely drew.

Don Roldan bien se parece,
 Siempre me quisistes mal;
 Mas si otro me lo dixerá,
 Mostrára si soy cobarde.

Mas quien à mi ha injuriado
 No lo haveis por mi à vengar
 Que si tio no me fuistes,
 Con vos querria pelear.

Los Grandes que allí se hallan
 Entre los dos puesto se han.
 Don Roldan que assi lo vido,
 Comenzóle de hablar :

Bien mostráis vos Don Gayferos,
 Que sois de muy poca edad,
 Bien oísteis un exemplo,
 Que conocereis ser verdad.

Que aquel que bien te quiere,
 El te suele castigar ;
 Si fuerais mal caballero,
 No dixerá yo lo tal ;

Mas porque sé que sois bueno,
 Por eso os fui à castigar,
 Que mis armas, y mi caballo,
 A vos no se han de negar.

“ Ah !” cries he, “ too sure you wish me
 “ In my troubles ill alone !
 “ Had another thus disdain’d me,
 “ He had soon my valour known.

“ As you scorn, then, to assist me
 “ For my wrongs revenge to take,
 “ Were you not my uncle, surely
 “ In the field our spears we’d break,”

Round them all the Nobles pressing,
 ‘Tween the Chieftains interpos’d,
 When renown’d Orlando, speaking,
 In these words the quarrel clos’d :—

“ Well indeed it seems, Gayferos,
 “ You’re of inexperienc’d age,
 “ Since the pattern you have shewn us
 “ May our sober thoughts engage.

“ Him that loves and most respects you
 “ Fain you wou’d in fight chastise :
 “ Never thus a hardy warrior
 “ The disgraceful coward tries.

“ But I knew your daring spirit,
 “ And that spirit I assay’d :
 “ Take my horse, and in my armour
 “ You shall be with speed array’d ;

Y si quereis compa a,
Yo os ir e acompa ar.
Mercedes, dixo Gayferos,
De la buena voluntad.

Solo me quiero ir, solo,
Para haverla de sacar.
Nunca me dir a ninguno
Que mi vi o ser desleal.

Luego Don Roldan mand o
Sus armas aparejar.
El mismo arma el caballo,
Por mejor assegurar.

El mismo arma a Gayferos,
Y le ayuda a cavalgar.
Luego cavalg o Gayferos,
Con enojo, y gran pesar.

Pesales mucho a los Doce,
Y tambien a Don Roldan,
Y mas al Emperador,
Desque solo le v e andar.

“ And, if company delights you,
 “ At your beck will I attend.”
 “ Thanks !” reply’d renown’d Gayferos;
 “ Now indeed you prove my friend.

“ But my spouse, fair Melisenda,
 “ Looks to see her faithful Lord ;
 “ Should another Chieftain free her,
 “ He will only be abhorr’d.

“ This firm arm alone must loose her
 “ From the captive’s hated chain ;
 “ And henceforth from taunts disloyal
 “ Ev’ry tongue will sure refrain.”

From his steed alights Orlando,
 And his armour strait was brought :
~~With his hand Bayarte~~ harness’d,
 For his nephew’s weal he sought.

Then he arms the Prince, and aids him
 On the steed to vault astride :
 In deep rage the spur applying,
 Forward he begins to ride.

All the Peers, with brave Orlando,
 Griev’d to see him thus depart ;
 But the Emp’ror, when he heard it,
 Felt distress afflict his heart.

Y desque èl yà se sabia
 De aquel palacio sin par,
 Con una voz amorosa,
 Le llamàra Don Roldan.

Esperad sobrino mio,
 Pues solo quereis andar.
 Dexadesme vuestra espada,
 La mia querais tomar.
 Que aunque vengan dos mil Moros
 Nunca les bolvais la faz.
 Al caballo dad la rienda,
 Y haga su voluntad ;
 Que si èl viere la suya
 Muy bien os sabrà ayudar :

Y si se vè demasia,
 Della os sabrà sacar.

Yà le dà la su espada,
 Toma la de Don Roldan ;
 Dà de espuelas al caballo,
 Y se sale de la cindad.
 Don Beltran que irlo vido,
 Comenzòle de hablar :
 Tornad acà hijo Gayferos,
 Pues me teneis por padre,
 Porque solamente os vea
 La Condesa vuestra madre.

From the palace was he speeding,
When his uncle call'd him back :
“ Not so fast, my valiant nephew ;
“ One strong weapon still you lack.

“ This keen sword about you girding,
“ Ne'er shall fear your breast appal ;
“ Though two thousand Moors attack you,
“ Bravely may you face them all.

“ Give your steed the reins, and let him
“ As he lists direct the fight :
“ Fear not, then, but you will conquer
“ By his still victorious might.

“ But too far shou'd he engage you
“ Midst a host of circling foes,
“ Safe to bring you from the combat
“ By his matchless speed he knows.”

Wheu the sword was round him girded,
From the city swift he bends ;
But, when old Lord Bertram meets him,
Thus his breath he vainly spends :—

“ O return, my son Gayferos,
“ Since you still have call'd me sire !
“ Let your gentle mother see you ;
“ 'Tis her earnest, fond desire.

Tomàrà con vos consuelo,
 Que tan tristos llantos hace,
 Daros yà caballeros,
 Los que hayais necessidad.

Consoladla vos mi tio,
 Vos la querais consolar ;
 Acuerdese que pequeño
 Me perdì de poca edad ;

Haga cuenta que de entonces
 Nunca me ha visto jamàs.
 Yà sabeis que entre los Doce
 Corren males voluntades.

No diràn que buelvo à rogaros,
 Ni que buelvo por cobarde,
 Que no bolverè en Francia,
 Sin Melisenda tornar.

Don Beltran que assi lo oyera
 Tan enojado en el hablar,
 Buelve riendas al caballo,
 Y entrase en la Ciudad.

Gayferos à tierras de Moros
 Comienza de caminar,
 Por las tierras de Sansueña,
 Gayferos apriessa yà.

“ Some small comfort for your absence
“ Will her tender heart receive ;
“ If a few brave Knights attend you,
“ For your guard, she less will grieve.”

“ Be you, uncle, then her comfort,
“ Give her gentle heart relief :
“ Long she lost me when an infant ;
“ Then I never knew her grief.

“ Let her think she never found me—
“ Oh ! it pains my soul to tell,
“ That no more the Twelve, uniting,
“ Love each other truly well.

“ No vile coward shall they call me :
“ Uncle, I must forth alone,
“ Nor return till Melisenda
“ Is by this firm arm mine own.”

When the good old Bertram saw him
In a rage so fierce and high,
To the city back returning,
No more reas’ning would he try.

Prince Gayferos swiftly journeying,
To the Moorish country rides,
Where in fair Sansueña city
His illustrious spouse abides.

Las voces que èl iba dando
 Al cielo quieren llegar ;
 Mal diciendo iba el vino,
 Maldiciendo iba el pan,
 El que comian los Moros,
 No el de la Christiandad.
 Maldiciendo iba la dueña
 Que tan solo uno hijo pare,
 Si enemigos se lo matan,
 No tiene quien lo vengar.

Maldiciendo al caballero
 Que cavalgasse sin page,
 Si se le cae la espuela
 No tiene quien se la alcance.

Maldiciendo iba el arbol
 Que solo en el campo nace,
 Todos los aves del mundo
 En èl se van à assentar,

Que de rama, ni de hoja
 No puede el triste gozar.
 Dando estas voces, y otras,
 A Sansueña fue à llegar.

Viernes era aquel dia,
 Gran fiesta los Moros hacen,
 Almanzor à la Mezquita
 Và para hacer la zelà.
 Quando llegó el buen Gayferos
 A Sansueña, essa Ciudad,

Shouts he gives to heav'n ascending,
Echo does his words repeat ;
All the Moors aloud he curses,
Curs'd their wine, the bread they eat.

And the lady, too, he curses
That has but an only son :
If some stranger's hand should slay him,
To avenge her hath she none.

Then the Cavalier he curses
That alone departs to fight ;
Should his spur fall, to regain it
He must needs himself alight.

And the tree he curses standing
Lonely in the spacious field,
For its leaves and spreading branches
All the birds a harbour yield ;

And they keep so loud a chattering,
That the wanderer cannot rest.
To Sansueña came Gayferos,
As these curses he express'd.

Twas a Friday, and Almanzor
To the Mosque was gone to pray'r ;
Not a Moor through all the city
Did he find at ent'ring there ;

Mirò si verìa alguno,
 A quien poder demandar;
 Viò un Cautivo Christiano;
 Que andaba por el adarve.
 Desque le vido Gayferos
 Comenzòle de hablar;
 Dios te salve el Christiano,
 Y te ponga en libertad!
 Nuevas que pedirte quiero,
 No me las quieras negar;

Tù que andas con los Moros,
 Si lo oìste acà hablar;
 Si hay alguna Christiana,
 Que sea de alto linage.

El cautivo que lo oyera,
 Comenzàra de llorar;
 Tantos tengo de mis duelos,
 De otros no puedo curar.

Que todo el dia los caballos
 Del Rey me hacen peynar.
 Y de noche en la lienda cimia
 Me hacen aprisionar.

Bien sè que hay muchas cautivas
 Christianas de buen mirar.
 Especialmente hay una,
 Que es de Francia natural.

But, at last, a Christian captive
Walking near the gate espy'd ;
Him Gayferos soon addressing,
Thus in gentle accents cry'd :—

“ Heav'n restore thee, hapless Christian,
“ To thy freedom safe again !
“ Much indeed I wish to ask thee,
“ Let not, then, the questions pain.

“ You that with these Moors remaining,
“ Lead a life of bitter cheer,
“ Sure must know if any lady
“ High of rank be captive here ?”

With a sigh the Christian answer'd,
“ True, indeed, my woes are great ;
“ And so many, that I have not
“ Time to weep for others' fate.

“ All the day the royal stables
“ My hard office to attend ;
“ And the night in some dark dungeon
“ Must I in affliction spend.

“ Yet I know there's many a captive,
“ Many a lady fair and young ;
“ One, indeed, the rest surpassing,
“ Is the theme of ev'ry tongue.

Y el Rey Almanzor la trata,
 Como à su hija carnal.
 Sè que muchos Reyes Moros
 Con ella quieren casar.

Por esso id caballero
 Por essa plaza adelante,
 Verlas heis à las ventanas
 Del gran Palacio Real.

Derecho se và Gayferos
 Do los Palacios estàn,
 Desque estuvo cerca de ellos,
 Comenzòlas de mirar ;
 Viò gallarda à Melisenda,
 En una ventana estàr,
 Con otras damas Christianas,
 Que estàn en cautividad.
 Melisenda que lo vido,
 Comenzàr de llorar ;

No porque le conociesse
 En el gesto, ni en el hablar ;
 Mas en verle armas blancas,
 En los Doce fue à pensar.

Se acordò de los Palacios
 Del Emperador su padre,
 De las justas, y tornèos,
 Que solian por ella armar.

“ From fair France she comes ; Almanzor

“ Shews her all a daughter’s love :

“ Vainly for his spouse to win her

“ Many a Moorish Prince hath strove.

“ Would you now behold that Lady,

“ To the square pursue your way ;

“ At the royal palace windows

“ Doth she her fair form display.”

To the palace rides Gayferos,

And begins to view it round :

At a window Melisenda

Soon his eyes, delighted, found.

Many another Christian Lady

By her side a captive stood :

Down her cheeks, when first she saw him,

Swiftly cours’d a briny flood.

By his armour white discov’ring,

And his lofty gallant mien,

He was of the Peers illustrious

In her father’s palace seen :

And, the time to mind recalling

When in jousts and tourneys fam’d,

Oft her beauty’s matchless lustre

Some bold Knight aloud proclaim’d.

Con voz triste, y dolorosa,
Le Comienza de llamar.

Rogoos por Dios, caballero,
A mi no os querais negar,
Si sois Christiano, ó Moro,
Decidme ahora la verdad.

Daros de unas encomiendas,
Bien pagadas os serán,
Caballero si a Francia ides,
Por Gayferos preguntad.

Decidle que la su esposa
Se le embia à encomendar.

Que yà la parece tiempo
Que la debria sacar,
Que no lo dexe por miedo,
Con los Moros pelear.

Tener debe otros amores,
Y de mi no hay acordar,
Los ausentes por presentes
Ligeros son de olvidar.

Happy days ! but now for ever,
As she fancy'd, fled away :
With a mournful look she call'd him,
And these words began to say :—

“ Oh ! for heav'n's sake, Knight, I beg you

“ Do not my request deny,

“ If a Moor or Christian warrior

“ In that martial dress I spy ;

“ If to France your way pursuing,

“ Then to Prince Gayferos go ;

“ Well will he reward your service,

“ When this hapless truth you shew,

“ That his lady Melisenda

“ Rests a captive with the Moor,

“ And 'tis time her long-lost freedom,

“ And his honor, to restore.

“ Tell him, if, as fame announces,

“ He's a brave advent'rous Knight,

“ Here forlorn he will not leave her,

“ But the Moors undaunted fight,

“ But, perchance, some other Lady

“ Hath engag'd his am'rous vows :

“ Ill the absent are remember'd ;

“ He, alas ! forgets his spouse.

Aun le direis, caballero,
 Por le dàr mayor señal,
 Que sus justas, y torneos,
 Bien lo supimos acà.

Y si estas encomiendas
 No recibe con solaz,
 Darlas heis à Oliveros,
 Darlas heis à Don Roldan.

Darlas heis à mi señor,
 El Emperador mi padre,
 Direis que estoy en Sansueña,
 En Sansueña esta Ciudad.

Que si presto no me sacan,
 Mora me quiero tornar,
 Casarne han con un Rey Moro,
 Que està allende el Mar.

De siete Reyes de Moros,
 Reyna me hacen coronar,
 Segun los ruegos me hacen,
 Mora me haràn tornar.

Mas amores de Gayferos
 Yo no puedo olvidar,
 Gayferos, que aquesto oyera,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr.

“ And, still more to shame the warrior,

“ When these taunting words appear,

“ Tell him that in jousts and tourneys

“ We have heard his triumphs here.

“ If to this he scorn to listen,

“ Then to Oliveros tell,

“ And Orlando, what I suffer,

“ For those Nobles love me well.

“ To the Emp’ror too; my father,

“ Tell him what must give him pain,

“ That a captive in Sansueña

“ With Almanzor I remain.

“ Tell them, if no friendly rescue

“ In a timely hour they bring,

“ I shall be compell’d to marry

“ Some detested Moorish King.

“ Queen of sev’n proud Kings to make me,

“ With a crown my brows to grace,

“ They entreat my ears to listen,

“ And the Moorish faith embrace.

“ But affection for Gayferos

“ Keeps me true to him alone.”

Thus spoke she; Gayferos, answ’ring,

Made the truth then gladly known.

No lloreis la mi señora,
 No querais assi llorar,
 Porque estas encomiendas
 Vos mismo las podeis dàr.

Que à mi dentro de Francia
 Gayferos suelen llamar;

Yo soy el Infante Gayferos,
 Señor de París la grande;
 Primo hermano de Oliveros
 Sobrino de Don Roldan.

Amores de Melisenda
 Son los que acà me traen;

Melisenda que esto oyera
 Conociòle en el hablar;
 Quitòse de la ventana,
 La escalera fue à tomar;
 Saliose para la Plaza,
 Adonde lo vido està.
 Y Gayferos que la vido
 Presto la fue à tomar;
 Abrazòla con sus brazos,
 Para haverla de besar.

“ Weep not, weep not, gentle Lady ;
“ It distracts my heart with pain,
“ For the words you now commend me
“ Ne’er need I repeat again.

“ Your dear self in France shall tell them ;
“ Shortly shall they see you there :
“ In me you behold Gayferos ;
“ Hence I come my spouse to bear.

“ I’m the Lord of royal Paris,
“ Of that city so renown’d ;
“ Oliveros is my cousin,
“ Whose high deeds are blazon’d round :

“ And Orlando is my uncle,
“ Love of her I hold so dear,
“ (And I trust that love will prosper,) -
“ Leads me to her rescue here.”

Melisenda knows her hero
By his speech, and joyful hies
From the window, and like lightning
Down the steps transported flies.

To the square in haste descending,
Where her Lord with fond alarms,
And a tender kiss, receiv’d her,
As he clasp’d her in his arms.

Allí estaba un perro Moro,
 Por las Christianas guardar,
 Las voces daba tan altas,
 Que al cielo quieren llegar.

Al alarido del Moro
 Mandan cerrar la Ciudad ;
 Siete veces la rodean,
 No hallando por donde andar.

Sale el Rey Almanzor
 De la Mezquita do està,
 Vereis tocar las trompetas,
 Apriessa, y no de vagar.

Armar vereis caballeros,
 Y en caballos cañalgar,
 Tantos se arinan de los Moros,
 Que gran cosa es de mirar.

Melisenda que lo vido,
 En una priessa tan grande,
 Con una voz delicada
 Le comienza de hablar :

Esforzaos Don Gayferos,
 No querades desmayar,
 Que los buenos caballeros
 Son para necessidad,

But a Moor that watch'd the Ladies
Chanc'd to see the fond embrace,
And the dog with shouts tremendous
Rouzes all th' affrighted place.

Fast they close the gates : Gayferos
Sev'n times circles round the wall ;
But, no way t' escape discov'ring,
Sees with pain this chance befal.

For his lovely Melisenda,
Not himself, his bosom fears.
From the Mosque Almanzor sallies
When this dreadful din he hears ;

And, the brazen trumpeets sounding,
Quick to arms the Moors repair,
Forth in countless numbers sallying,
And assembling in the square.

When the gentle Melisenda
Saw her Lord in such a strait,
What her voice so bravely utter'd
'Tis a pleasure to relate :—

“ Now, my Lord, display your valour,
“ All your breast to glory warm :
“ Still the hero's dauntless spirit
“ Rises with the rising storm.

Si desta escapais Gayferos,
Tendreis harto que contar;

Si quisiesse Dios del Cielo,
Y Santa Maria su Madre,
Fuesse tal vuestro caballo,
Como èl de Don Roldan.

Muchas veces lo oí decir
En casa del Emperante
Que mil veces de entre Moros
Lo sacò sin pelegrar.

La cincha aprieta al caballo,
Afloxarale el petral,
Hincabale las espuelas,
Sin ninguna piedad.

El caballo es muy ligero,
Fue à la otra parte à saltar;
Gayferos que aquesto vido,
Presto se fuera à appear.
Tornò à apretarle la ciucha,
Y afloxarle el petral,
Sin poner pie en el estrivo,
Encima fue à cavalgar;
Y Melisenda, à las ancas,
Presto se fue à assentar.

“ If from this you scape, Gayferos,
“ You will have enough to boast:
“ See where, madly rushing forward,
“ Comes the num’rous Moorish host.

“ Would to heav’n you now had with you,
“ In this time of urgent need,
“ Your brave uncle, great Orlando’s
“ Matchless arms and fiery steed?

“ In my royal father’s palace,
“ Often have I heard it told,
“ Through whole armies hath he brought him,
“ When they did the Chief enfold.”

Tighter now the saddle girding,
But the breast-plate loos’ning more,
Prince Gayferos spurs the charger
Till his sides were all of gore.

Light the steed, and active bounds he;
From his back again he lights,
And still more the breast-plate slackens,
And still more the saddle tights.

Nimbly then again he mounts him,
Riding swifter than the wind,
Whilst his lovely Melisenda
Firmly keeps her seat behind.

El cuerpo le dà por cinta,
Porque le pueda abrazar,
Al caballo dà de espuelas,
Sin ninguna piedad.
Corriendo vienen los Moros,
Apriessa, y no de vagar,
Las grandes voces que daban,
Al caballo hace saltar,
Quando es cerca de los Moros,
La rienda le fue à soltar,
El caballo es ligero,
Gran tierra les fue à passar.
Siete batallas de Moros,
Todas siguiendo le vàn,
Bolviendo se iba Gayferos
Por vér què cosa serà.
Desde que vido que los Moros
Se le iban à cercar,
Se bolviera à Melisenda,
Y comenzòle de hablar.
No os enojeis mi señora,
Fuerza os serà el apear,
Y en esta gran espesura
Podais señora aguardar;
Que los Moros son tan cerca,
Que es fuerza nos alcanzar.
Vos señora no teneis armas
Para haver de pelear,
Pues que yo las traygo buenas,
Quierolas bien emplear.

Round the waist she clasps her hero,
Who with manly courage glows,
When advancing fast towards him
He espies the Moorish foes:

Loud they shout, the brave steed hearing,
Though the hostile bands were near,
Leaves them far behind, and nimbly
Bounds along in swift career.

But sev'n Moorish squadrons follow,
Who with eager haste pursue ;
Gallantly he turns his charger,
And they meet his dauntless view.

But when close the Prince beholds them,
And approaching closer still,
Thus to lovely Melisenda
Gently he unfolds his will :—

“ Dearest Lady, let me beg you
“ From the steed awhile to light,
“ And amidst the hasty tumult
“ You perchance may scape their sight.

“ Sword you do not wear to combat ;
“ I shall draw undaunted mine,
“ And I mean to use it nobly,
“ And in this rude contest shine.”

Apeñose Melisenda,
 No cessando de llorar,
 Las rodillas por el suelo,
 Con fatiga, y gran pesar ;

Los ojos puestos al Cielo,
 Comenzàra de llorar,
 Sin que Gayferos bolviesse
 El caballo fue à guiar.

Quando huìa de los Moros,
 Muestra que no puede andar,
 Quando iba para ellos,
 Và con furor desigual,

Que del furor que lleva
 La tierra hace temblar ;
 Do vida la mas Morismia
 Entre ella se fue à entrar.

Si bien pelea Gayferos,
 El caballo mucho mas,
 Tantos mata de los Moros,
 Que no hay cuento, ni par.

La sangre que dellos sale,
 Todo ensangrantedo le ha
 Almanzor que aquesto vido
 Comenzàra de hablar.

Melisenda then, alighting,
Never ceas'd to weep and mourn,
And, upon the ground low kneeling,
Was with deep affliction torn.

Up to heav'n her eyes she lifted ;
To her husband then she cry'd,
" Heav'n preserve you !" while Gayferos
Forward did his charger guide.

When the gen'rous steed retreated,
You might well have thought him lame ;
But when he advanc'd, his nostrils
Breath'd a living fiery flame.

While the ground beneath him trembles,
Swift as lightning he advanc'd,
Thund'ring on the Moorish squadrons
In the thickest ranks he lanc'd.

Nobly fought the daring warrior,
And his dauntless steed still more ;
Down on ev'ry side he beat them,
Down the hostile squadrons bore.

With their life's blood wholly cover'd,
As their ranks he bravely broke,
When Almanzor saw him fighting,
Thus in strange surprise he spoke :—

O valgasme tû Alà ;
 Y esto que podia està ?
 Caballero con tal fuerza
 Pienso no se puede hallar.

Debe ser el encantado
 Esse Paladin Roldan ;
 Debe ser el esforzado
 Reynaldos de Montalvàn.

O serà Urgel de la Marcha,
 Esforzado en pelear.
 No hay ninguno de los Doce,
 Que bastasse à hacer lo tal.

Gayferos que aquesto oyera
 Tal respuesta le fue à dar ;
 Calledes vos el Rey Moro,
 Calledes no digais tal.

Otros muchos hay en Francia,
 Que tanto como ellos valen,
 Y no soy ninguno dellos,
 Mas yo me quiero nombrar.

Yo soy el Infante Gayferos,
 Señor de París la grande,
 Primo hermano de Oliveros,
 Sobrino de Don Roldan.

“ Gracious Alla ! who can this be ?

“ What a noble Cavalier !

“ Has Rinaldo of Montalban,

“ Or Orlando, ventur’d here ?

“ Never yet in furious battle

“ Hero did such might display !

“ ”Tis perhaps Urge! the valiant,

“ Who has bent his arms this way.

“ Of the Twelve, not one can combat

“ Like this youth, so desp’rate brave !”

But when Prince Gayferos heard him,

This reply he fiercely gave :—

“ I am neither of the Chieftains

“ Whom your erring voice has nam’d,

“ But Gayferos, Lord of Paris,

“ Of that town so highly fam’d.

“ Oliveros is my cousin,

“ For his valiant deeds renown’d ;

“ And Orlando is my uncle,

“ With immortal glory crown’d :

“ And I trust you’ll find me worthy

“ Of their high redoubted race :

“ This firm heart, that pants for glory,

“ Ne’er shall coward flight disgrace.”

El Almanzor que lo oyera
 Con esfuerzo assi hablar,
 Con los mas Moros que pudo
 Encerròse en la Ciudad.

Solo quedaba Gayferos,
 No halla con quien pelear,
 Bolviò riendas al caballo,
 Por Melisenda buscar.

Ella que venir lo vido
 Luego à recibirlo sale ;
 Desque viò las armas blancas
 Tintas en color de sangre,

Con la voz triste, y llorosa,
 Comienzale à interrogar :
 Por Dios, os ruego Gayferos,
 Por Dios os quiero rogar,

Si traeis alguna herida
 Queraismela vos mostrar,
 Que los Moros eran tantos,
 Que quizà os hau hecho mal.

Con mangas de mi camisa
 Apretaros he la sangre,
 Con la toca que es mayor,
 Yo la entiendo de sanar.

Seiz'd with terror, King Almanzor,
When he heard this dauntless speech,
With his Moors in haste retreating,
Soon was far beyond his reach.

All alone remain'd Gayferos,
Of his foes not one appear'd :
Melisenda then her hero
In an instant sweetly cheer'd.

Such delight inspir'd his presence,
To her Lord she swiftly flew ;
But his armour white discov'ring,
All of one ensanguin'd hue.

With a voice quite faint and trembling,
Mov'd with bitter fears she cry'd ;—
“ Oh ! for heav'n's sake, Prince Gayferos,
“ Lay each false restraint aside :

“ And if wounded, plainly tell me ?
“ All your armour's sprent with gore :
“ Num'rous were the Moorish squadrons,
“ And on you they fiercely bore.

“ Quickly will I tear my ruffles,
“ With soft lint to staunch the wound.
“ Oh ! it grieves my heart to see you !”
And she heav'd a sigh profound.

Callades, dixo Gayferos,
 Infanta no digais tal,
 Por mas que fueran los Moros
 No me podian hacer mal ;

Que estas armas, y caballo,
 Son de mi tio Don Roldau ;
 Caballero que las lleva,
 No le pueden hacer mal.

Subid apriessa Señora,
 Que no es tiempo de parar,
 Antes que vengan los Moros,
 Los Puertos se han de passar.

Yà subia Melisenda
 En el caballo alazan,
 Razonando vàn de amores
 Todo el camino que vàn.

Ni de los Moros han miedo,
 Ni dellos sientan pesar,
 Con el placèr que sentian
 No sienten el caminar.

De noche por los caminos,
 De dia por los valles vàn,
 Comiendo las yervas verdes,
 Y la bebita muy mal.

“ Silence ! lovely Princess, silence !
 “ Let thy bosom know no fear :
 “ Had they been ten times as num’rous,
 “ They had fall’n beneath my spear.

“ This same armour is my uncle’s,
 “ And ’tis his unrivall’d steed ;
 “ Cavalier that has them never
 “ Need the foe in battle heed.

“ But make haste to mount, dear lady,
 “ This no moment for delay ;
 “ Ere the Moors again attack us,
 “ We must through the gates away.”

Lo ! where now fair Melisenda,
 Seated on her steed again,
 Forward journies, ne’er rememb’ring
 Scenes of late afflicting pain.

Of sweet love she talks, and thinks not
 Of the routed Moorish foe ;
 Whilst along the road the charger
 Seems with lightsome step to go.

In the night the roads they travel,
 But in days the lonely fields,
 Where their course wild herbs and water
 Only for a season yields :

Hasta entrar tierra de Francia,
 Y pueblos de Christiandad ;
 Si hasta allí alegres fueron,
 Adelante mucho mas.

Mas à la entrada de un monte,
 Y à la salida de un valle,
 Caballero de armas blancas
 De lexo vido assomar.

Gayferos desque lo vido
 Rebuelto se ha de la sangre,
 Y dice luego à su señora,
 Esto es de mayor pesar ;

Que el Caballero que assoma,
 Grande esfuerzo es el que trae,
 Que sea Christiano, ò Moro,
 Forzado me es pelear.

Apead la mi señora,
 Y venirme à la par,
 De la mano la traía,
 No cessando de llorar.

Desque el uno es cerca al otro
 Comienzan à aparejar,
 Las lanzas, y los escudos
 En son de buen pelear.

Till fair France again they enter,
And the Christian lands explore,
Then their hearts, all care resigning,
Soon a cheerful aspect wore.

But thus trav'ling, as they journey'd
Through a valley, they descriy'd
On the mountain, at a distance,
Some fierce Knight to meet them ride.

When Gayferos sees his armour,
Though no fears his heart appal,
Still he cries to Melisenda,
" This mischance is worse than all.

" Yon same Cavalier approaching
" Is a bold advent'rous Knight :
" Moor or Christian, which I know not,
" But I must prepare to fight.

" Therefore now alight, my fair one,
" And by me for safety stand."
Much she wept, while Prince Gayferos
Held his lady by the hand.

As the Knights draw near each other,
Shields and lances they prepare ;
Couching low, and forward bounding,
Thus the fiery combat dare.

Los caballos yà de cerca
Comienzan de relinchar ;
Conociò el suyo Gayferos,
Y comenzò de hablar.
Perded cuidado, señora,
Y vamos presto al lugar,
El caballo que allì viene
Mio es en la verdad.
Yo le dì mucha cevada,
Mucha mas le entiendo dàr ;
Las armas segun que veo
Mias son otro que tal,
Porque aquel es Montesinos,
Que à mi me viene à buscar,
Que quando yo me partì,
Ei no estaba en la Ciudad.
Plugò mucho à Melisenda,
Que aquello fuese verdad.
Yà que se van acercando
Casi juntos à la par,
Con voz alta, y muy crecida
Comienzause à interrogar.
Conocense los dos primos
Entoneces en el hablar.
Apearonse à gran priessa,
Muy grandes fiestas se hacen ;
Desque huvieron razonado,
Tornaron à su lugar,
Razonando van de amores,
De otro no quieren tratar.

Loud the steeds neigh, when Gayferos

Overjoy'd beholds his own.

“ Courage ! lovely lady, let not

“ Terror in your looks be shewn.

“ 'Tis my steed that bounds to meet us,

“ Here have we no foe to dread :

“ Oft on barley well delighted

“ Yon good charger have I fed.

“ In my armour Montesinos

“ Is the Knight advancing near ;

“ He was absent when from Paris

“ I began my course to steer.”

Melisenda gladly hears it,

Praying heav'n to find it true ;

While the Cavaliers, undaunted,

Nearer ev'ry moment drew.

Loud they call, and loud they question ;

When the gallant Knights, o'erjoy'd,

Hail each other, either bosom

Was no more with care annoy'd.

Swift they light, while gen'rous transport

Fires each hero's manly breast ;

Love and friendship unaffected

At the meeting they express'd.

Andando por sus jornadas
Entran en la Christiandad,
Quantos caballeros hallan,
Los iban acompañar,
Y dueñas a Melisenda,
Doncellas otro que tal.
Andando por sus jornadas
A Paris llegado han.
El Emperador que lo supo
A recibir se los sale ;
Con èl sale Oliveros,
Con èl sale Don Roldan ;
Con el Infante Belmudez,
Y el buen viejo Don Beltran ;
Con èl muchos de los Doce,
Que à una mesa comen pan.
Y tambien iba Doñalda,
Esposa de Don Roldan,
Con èl iba Julianesa,
Hija del Rey Don Julian ;
Dueñas, damas, y doncellas,
Quantos en corte estàn.
Carlos abraza à su hija,
No dexando de llorar,
Las palabras que le dice.
Dolor era de escuchar.
Los Doce à Don Gayferos
Grande acatamiento le hacen,
Teniendolo por esforzado,
Mucho mas de allí adelante.

As they journey, Knights and Chieftains
Daily these brave warriors join;
Many a lady, too, and damsel
In their train delighted shine.

And when they approach nigh Paris,
Forth the gallant Emp'ror bends;
Oliveros and Orlando,
And a num'rous train of friends.

Prince Belmudez and Count Bertram
Fly the faithful pair to meet;
And the Twelve that round one table
Of the same rich viands eat.

Count Orlando's spouse Doñalda,
Julianesa young and fair,
Brave King Julian's lovely daughter,
Shone with other damsels there.

As the King salutes his daughter,
What sweet thoughts his mind employ!
Ev'ry word he speaks is mingled
With delicious tears of joy.

All the Twelve Gayferos honor,
In the fight a lion found;
Henceforth with esteem unequall'd
And immortal glory crown'd,

Pues sacò su esposa amada
De tan gran cautividad ;
Las fiestas, que se hicieron,
No tienen cuenta, ni par.

Since he freed his lovely lady
From the captive's hated chain.
Sweetly sounds the joyous music,
Sweetly plays a lively strain.

ROMANCE

DEL

CONDE CLAROS DE MONTALVAN.

MEDIA noche era por filo,
Los gallos querian cantar,
Conde Claros con amores
No podia reposar.

Muy grandes suspiros dando,
Que el amor les hace penar,
Que amores de Clara, niña,
No le dexau sossegar.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
COUNT CLAROS OF MONTALBAN.

THIS Ballad relates an anecdote of one of Charlemagne's daughters, who were all of them, as history informs us, of very gallant dispositions. It may perhaps originate in the well-known story of his Secretary Eginhart. The ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote. It differs from Turpin's history, in speaking of Orlando and Oliveros as living after the death of Rinaldo; whereas we are there told they all perished together at Roncesvalles.

MIDNIGHT reigns, and all is silent,
Save the cock that early crows;
But Count Claros love has wounded,
And fond love denies repose.

Restless all the night he tosses,
Frequent turning in his bed;
Sighing for the lovely Clara,
Balmy sleep his eyelids fled.

Quando vino la mañana,
Que queria alborear,
Salto diera de la cama,
Y empezara de llamar.

Levantaos mi Camarero,
Dadme vestir, y calzar.
Presto estaba el Camarero
Para haverselo de dàr.

Dierale calza de grana,
Borcegui de Cordoban ;
Dierale un jubon de seda,
Aforado en gorgoran.

Dierale un manto muy rico,
Que no se podia apreciar,
Trecientas piedras preciosas
Al rededor del collar.

Traele un rico caballo,
Que en la corte no hay su par,
Que la silla con el freno
Bien valia un Ciudad.
Con trecientos cascaveles
Al rededor del pretal ;
Los cientos eran de oro,
Y los cientos de metal ;
Los otros eran de plata,
Por los sones concordar.

But the morning rays appearing,
When they first resplendent broke,
From his couch impatient leaping,
Loud he call'd, and thus he spoke:—

“Rise, my Chamberlain, to dress me.”
When his master's voice he hears,
On his arms the garments bearing,
In a moment he appears.

* Rob'd in scarlet, now, Count Claros
Wears a vesture rich and gay,
That, with curious art embroider'd,
Does his matchless taste display.

And so rich a cloak is giv'n him,
That it might a city buy;
Round the collar gems three hundred
Dazzle the beholder's eye.

Then his gallant steed they bring him,
Ne'er a courtier boasts so rare;
Saddle, housings, bit, and bridle,
All of worth above compare.

Morris bells three hundred jingling,
On the horse's breast appear;
Gold, and tinkling brass, and silver,
With a pleasant sound they cheer.

* Literally scarlet stockings, cordovan buskins, and a silk lined with grogram,

Ibase para el Palacio,
 Para el Palacio Real.
 A la Infanta Clara, niña,
 Allà la fuera à hallar,
 Trecientas damas con ella,
 Que le van à acompañar.
 Tan linda và Clara, niña,
 Que à todos hace penar ;
 Conde Claros que la vido
 Luego fue à descavalgar.
 Las rodillas por el suelo
 Le comienza de hablar :
 Mantenga Dios à tu Alteza,
 Conde Claros, bien vengais.

Las palabras que prosigue
 Eran para enamorar ;
 Conde Claros, Conde Claros,
 El señor de Montalvan,

Como haveis hermoso cuerpo
 Para con Moros lidiar ;
 Respondiera el Conde Claros,
 Tal respuesta la fue à dàr.

Mejor lo tengo, señora,
 Para con damas holgar.
 Si yo os tuviessen señora
 Esta noche à mi mandar,

Strait rode he towards the palace;
 And the Princess Clara found ;
 Lovely damsels full three hundred
 Waiting in attendance round.

O ! she seem'd so wondrous lovely,
 Well the youth's fond heart might bleed :
 When the gallant Count perceiv'd her,
 He alighted from his steed.

On his knees respectful bending,
 Thus in accents soft he cry'd :—
 “ Heav'n preserve thee, gentle lady ! ”
 “ Welcome, Connt ! ” the maid reply'd.

Then, in am'rous converse talking,
 In their hearts the tender flame,
 Love's soft passion long had kindled,
 Burnt with mutual warinsh the same.

“ O Count Claros of Montalban,
 “ In the tourneys how you shine !
 “ With the valiant Moors to combat,
 “ What a handsome form is thine ! ”

“ O ! 'tis far more handsome, lady,
 “ To engage with beauty's charms !
 “ Could I but a night pass sweetly
 “ Sleeping in your happy arms ! ”

Y otro dia de mañana
 Con cien Moros pelear,
 Si à todos no los venciesse,
 Mandasse desme matar.

Calledes, Conde, calledes,
 Y no os querais alabar,
 Que el que quiere servir damas
 Assi lo debe hablar.

Y al entrar en las batallas
 Bien se suele escusar;
 Sino lo creis señora,
 Por las obras se verà.

Siete años son passados,
 Que os comence de amar,
 Que de noche yo no duermo,
 Ni de dia puedo holgar.

Siempre lo tuvistes Conde
 De las damas os burlar ;
 Mas dexadme ir el Conde
 A los baños à bañar ;
 Quando yo sea bañada
 Estaré a vuestro mandar.
 Respondiera luego el Conde,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr ;
 Bien sabeis vos mi señora,
 Que soy cazador Real ;

“ In the morning Moors a thousand
 “ I should dare to meet them all ;
 “ Let them slay me, if they did not
 “ Soon beneath my prowess fall !”

“ Silence ! good Count Claros, silence !
 “ Wrong indeed yourself to praise !
 “ Knight that would enchant the ladies
 “ Must by deeds his valour blaze :

“ But when boasters march to battle,
 “ Then a sure excuse they find.”—
 “ Why to disbelieve me, fairest,
 “ Is thy gentle heart inclin’d ?

“ Sev’n years have I truly serv’d you
 “ Since I first begun to love :
 “ In the night no rest enjoy I,
 “ In the day no solace prove.”

“ Count, it always was your pleasure
 “ Thus to trifle with the fair ;
 “ To the baths I go, and sweetly
 “ Then the joys of love we’ll share.”

Thus reply’d the Count, “ Sweet Princess,
 “ You are of a noble race ;
 “ And you know I am a sportsman,
 “ Royal game I love to chase.

Casa que viene à mis manos
 Nunca la puedo dexar:
 Y tomòla por la mano,
 Para un vergel se van.

A la sombra de un limon,
 Baxo de un verde rosal,
 Con grande contentamiento
 Muy dulces besos se dan,

Con el amor que se tienen,
 Que era cosa de admirar.

Mas fortuna que es adversa,
 Que à placeres dà pesar,
 Allí passò un cazador,
 Que no debia passar.
 En busca vâ de un azor,
 Que rabia debia matar,
 Vido estar el Conde Claro
 Con la Infanta à mas holgar.
 El Conde quando lo vido
 Comenzòle de hablar.
 Ven acà tu cazador,
 Y Dios te guarde de mal,
 De todo lo que has visto
 Tu nos tengais puridad,
 Darète mil marcos de oro,
 Y si mas quieres, mas.

“ And, when once the game is started,

“ Ne'er I leave it till it's mine.”

At these words the lovely Princess

Did her willing hand resign ;

And a pleasant grove they enter'd,

Where, beneath a rose's shade,

Sweetest kisses fondly giving,

Long in amorous sport they play'd.

This was love's auspicious moment,

Nothing cou'd her lips deny ;

When the Count so softly press'd her,

Smiling did the maid comply.

But, alas ! how soon does Fortune

Shift her wheel inconstant round,

For, by chance, a hunter passing

Saw them sporting on the ground !

In an evil hour he saw them

As a ravening hawk he ey'd :

When the Count perceiv'd him gazing,

Thus, appall'd with fear, he cry'd :—

“ Hearken ! hearken ! noble hunter,

“ And your tongue discreetly hold :

“ Favours high will I bestow you ;

“ Twice five hundred marks in gold.

Casarte he con una dama,
Que era mi prima carnal.

Darète en arras, y dote
La Villa de Montalvàn ;
De otra parte la Infanta
Mucho mas te puede dàr.

El cazador sin ventura
No los quiso escuchar,
Vase para los Palacios
Adonde el buen Rey està.

Mantengate Dios el Rey,
Y à tu corona Real,
Una nueva yo te traygo
Dolorosa, y de pesar.

Que no os cumple traer corona,
Ni en caballo passear,
La corona de la cabeza
Bien os la podeis quitar.

Si tal deshonra como esta
La haveis de comportar,
Que he hallado à la Infanta
Con Claros de Montalvàn,

“ And, if more you crave, I’ll grant it :

“ Your’s a lady fair shall be,

“ My sweet cousin ; few so lovely,

“ Few so gentle, too, as she !

“ For her portion will I give you

“ Fair Montalban’s spacious town.”

Much more did the Princess promise,

But he gave a sullen frown,

And, to listen more disdaining,

To the royal palace goes :

From his lips the fatal story

In these accents quickly flows :—

“ King, O’ King, may heav’n preserve you !

“ Long in peace your crown maintain !

“ News I bring you, news of moment,

“ Though it will but give you pain.

“ Little boots it that in grandeur

“ High your hands the sceptre bear,

“ If that sceptre be supplanted,

“ Falling to another’s share ;

“ If, to foul dishonor stooping,

“ To this deed you set no bound !

“ Know, Count Claros of Montalban

“ With the Princess late I found.

Abrazandola, y besandola,
 En vuestro huerto Real,
 De lo qual dolor yo tuve
 Y no quisiera ver tal.

El Rey, con el gran enojo,
 Mandó al cazador matar,
 Porque havia sido ossado
 De tales nuevas llevar.

Manda llamar Alguaciles
 Apriessa, y no de vagar;
 Manda armar trecentos hombres,
 Que las hayan de acompañar,

Para que prendan al Conde,
 O le hayan de matar;
 Mandó cerrassen las puertas,
 Las puertas de la Ciudad.

A las puertas del Palacio,
 Allá lo fueron a hallar;
 Preso lo llevan al Conde,
 Con mucha riguridad.

Unos grillos a los pies,
 Que bien pesan un quintal,
 Con esposas en las manos,
 Que era dolor de mirar.

“ In your park did he embrace her,

“ And in wanton dalliance lay:

“ Twas a shame to see them sporting

“ In the face of open day.”

“ Slay that huntsman ! instant slay him !”

Furious cry’d the angry King,

“ Since a tale of foul dishonor

“ He so boldly dares to bring !”

Round him then his guards commanding,

Forth he sent with urgent speed,

Soldiers full three hundred hast’ning

To avenge the guilty deed.

All the city gates were fasten’d ;

Such the Count’s unhappy lot,

If he dar’d resist the mandate,

They shon’d slay him on the spot.

In the palace court they found him,

Where his person soon was seiz’d ;

All his joy to sorrow changing,

When the King was so displeas’d.

Both his feet with painful tortures

Now the pond’rous fetters goad ;

Both his hands, ignobly shackled,

Wear alike the heavy load.

Uña cadena à su cuello,
 Que de hierro era el collar,
 Ponenlo encima una mula,
 Por mas deshonra le dàr.

Metieronle en una torre
 De muy gran escuridad,
 Las llaves de la prision,
 El Rey las quiso llevar,
 Porque sin licencia suya
 Nadie le pueda hablar.
 Por él rogaban los Grandes
 Quantos en la Corte estàn ;
 Por él rogaba Oliveros,
 Por él ruego Don Roldan
 Por él rogaban los Doce
 De Francia la natural.

Y las Monjas de Santa Ana,
 Con las de la Trinidad,
 Llevaban un crucifijo,
 Para el buen Rey rogar,
 Con ellas vâ un Arzobispo,
 Y un Prelado Cardenal,
 Mas el Rey con gran enojo
 A nadie quiere escuchar ;
 Antes de muy enojado
 Sus Grandes mandò llamar.

Round his neck an iron collar
 Huge of size is fasten'd tight ;
 On a mule dishonor'd highly,
 Rides he in the people's sight.

To a lonely tow'r they lead him,
 To a dark and dismal place ;
 And the King, the keys receiving,
 Suffers none to see his face.

Not a person might approach him :
 All the Nobles humbly plead ;
 Oliveros and Orlando,
 And the Twelve Peers, intercede.

E'en the nuns of two fain'd convents
 Gracious intercession make,
 With a crucifix before them,
 Their procession solemn take.

At their head th' Archbishop marching,
 And a Cardinal by his side ;
 But the Emp'rор would not listen,
 And with wrathful fury cry'd :—

“ Let my faithful Peers be summon'd ;
 “ They shall know my royal will,
 “ And the sacred course of justice
 “ It becomes me to fulfil.

Quando yà los tuvo juntos,
 Comenzòles de hablar :
 Hijos, y amigos mios,
 A loque os hice llamar ;
 Yà sabeis que el Conde Claros,
 El señor de Montalvàn ;
 De como lo he criado
 Hasta ponerlo en edad :
 Y le he guardado su tierra,
 Que su padre fue à dexar,
 El que morir no debiera,
 Reynaldos de Montalvàn.
 Y por hacerle mas grande,
 De lo mio le quise dàr
 Hicelle Governador
 De mi Rèyno General.
 El por darme el galardon
 Mirad do fue à tocar,
 Que quiso forzar la Infanta,
 Hija mia natural.

Hombre que lo tal comete,
 Que sentencia le han de dàr ?
 Todos dicen à una voz
 Que lo hayan de degollar.

Y assi la sentencia dada,
 El buen Rey la fue à firmar.

“ Friends,” he adds, “ and noble Chieftains,”
 When he saw them gather’d round,
 “ Know, Count Claros of Montalban
 “ Was in acts dishonest found ;

 “ That Count Claros, whom I cherish’d
 “ From his tender earliest age,
 “ Guarding his estates securely,
 “ Till he came to manhood’s stage :

 “ All his noble father left him,
 “ Brave Rinaldo highly fam’d,
 “ Whom, to do still greater honor,
 “ Regent of the state I nam’d.

 “ But observe how ill he paid me,
 “ How my tender hopes beguil’d,
 “ By dishonoring my daughter,
 “ Her fond parents’ darling child.

 “ For this injury, friends, what sentence?
 “ Shall upon th’ offender fall ?”
 “ Let him lose his head !” replying,
 Loud the courtiers answer all.

When they pass’d the fatal sentence,
 Universal silence reign’d ;
 And the Emp’ror seal’d it, grieving
 Thus to see his honor stain’d.

El Arzobispo que esto oyera,
 Al buen Rey le fue à hablar,
 Pidiendole con merced
 Licencia le quiera dàr,

Para ir à vér al Conde,
 Y muerte le denunciar.
 Placeme, dixo el buen Rey,
 Placeime de voluntad ;

Mas con esta condicion,
 Que vos solo haveis de entrar,
 Con aqueste pagecito,
 De quien puedo bien fiar.

Yà parte el Arzobispo,
 Y à las carceles se và ;
 Las guardas desque lo vieron
 Luego le dexan entrar.

Con èl iba el pagecito,
 Que lo và à acompaniar ;
 Quando vido estar al Conde
 En su prision, y pesar,

Las palabras que le dixo
 Dolor era de escuchar.
 Pesame de vos el Conde
 Quanto me puede pesar,
 Que yerros por amores
 Dignos son de perdonar.

But the good Archbishop, rising,
 To the King made this request,
 " That he might acquaint Count Claros
 " Of his high and dread behest ;

" That to death he's doom'd to answer
 " For his deeds so basely done."—
 " Licence shall you have to see him ;
 " Licence else I grant to none.

" With this trusty Page go enter
 " Where the Count's confin'd alone ;
 " Tell him, on the scaffold justly
 " Shall his life his guilt atone."

Mournful to the prison marching,
 Strait the kind Archbishop goes,
 And the licence giv'n to see him
 To the guards attending shews.

With the Page behind him ent'ring —
 Fain he would have giv'n relief
 To the Count's afflicted bosom
 In this place of pain and grief.

" Ah !" cry'd he, " what anguish wounds me
 " This distressful sight to see !
 " Love's soft errors might be pardon'd,
 " Not chastis'd to this degree !

La desastrada caïda
 De vuestra suerte, y ventura,
 Y la nueva à mi venida,
 Sabed que hace mi vida
 Mas triste que la tristura.

De forma que no sè donde
 Pueda yà placer tomar,
 Pues que por vos no se esconde,
 Pesame de vos el Conde
 Quanto me puede pesar.

Los como vos esforzados,
 Para las adversidades,
 Han de estar aparejados
 Tanto à sufrir cuidados,
 Como las prosperidades.

Y pues el primero fuistez
 Vencido por bien amar,
 No temais angustias tristes,
 Que los yerros que hicistes
 Dignos son de perdonar.

Por vos he rogado al Rey,
 Nunca me quiso escuchar,
 Antes ha dado sentencia
 Que se hayan de degollar.

Yà os lo dixo sobrino,
 Que os dexassedes de amar ;
 Que el que las mugeres ama
 El tal galardon le dàn ;

“ Count, the news I bring is solemn,

“ Grief and horror to disclose ;

“ To your friends afflicting sorrow,

“ Pleasure only to your foes.

“ Would these tidings had but fallen

“ To another to relate !

“ Arm’d with fortitude, prepare you,

“ Listen to your piteous fate.

“ Fortune still the brave disdaining,

“ Nothing can their minds annoy,

“ With an equal temper bearing

“ Throbbing pain and thrilling joy.

“ Your’s the giddy hour of pleasure,

“ Now a sad reverse you see :

“ Love’s soft errors might be pardon’d,

“ Not chastis’d to this degree !

“ Long did I entreat the Emp’ror,

“ But, alas ! sweet mercy’s fled,

“ And the sentence is awarded

“ That condemns your forfeit head.

“ Therefore, nephew, dream no longer

“ Of the hours of love and joy :

“ Such the evils men must suffer,

“ Who so ill their youth employ.

Que haya de morir por ellas,
 Y en las carceles penar,
 A esto respondiera el Conde
 Con esfuerzo singular.

Callades por Dios, mi tio,
 No me querais enojar ;
 Quien no ama à las mugeres
 No se puede honibre llamar.

Mas la vida que yo tengo
 Por ellas quiero gastar.
 Respondiòle el pagecito,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr.

Conde, bien aventurado
 Siempre os pueden llamar.
 Porque muerte tan honrada
 Por vos tiene de passar.

Embidia he de vos Conde,
 Sin mancilla, ni pesar ;
 Mas queria ser vos, Conde,
 Que el Rey que os mandò matar.

Porque muerte tan honrada
 Por mi huviesse de passar ;
 Llama yerro à la fortuna,
 Quien no lo sabe juzgar.

“ Prison, unavailing sorrow,
 “ And a death dishonor’d too,
 “ Fall on those who, led by passion,
 “ Women with wild lust pursue.”

“ Say not so, my gen’rous uncle,
 “ Say not so,” the Count reply’d ;
 “ He that loves not lovely woman
 “ For a man may be deny’d.

“ For sweet woman’s sake I’ll suffer
 “ Ev’ry pain the King can give,
 “ Death preferring to the misery
 “ Void of love’s soft smiles to live.”

“ Nobly,” cry’d the Page, “ you answer ;
 “ Happy will they call your death,
 “ Since for such a lovely object
 “ Bravely you resign your breath.

“ Envy fires my youthful bosom ;
 “ Rather the brave Count I’d be
 “ Than the Prince who thus condemns him,
 “ Wretched in the sentence he !

“ Let them not a death so honor’d
 “ Falsely as a stigma blame :
 “ We may call it fortune’s error,
 “ It deserves this gentle name.

La priessa del cadahalso,
 Vos Conde la debeis dàr;
 Si no es dada la sentencia,
 Vos la debeis afirmar.

El Conde que aquesto oyera,
 Tal respuesta le fue à dàr:
 Por Dios os ruego el Page,
 En amor de caridad;

Que vayais à la Princesa,
 Y de mi parte rogar,
 Que suplico à su Alteza
 Que ella me salga à mirar.

Que à la hora de mi muerte
 Yo la pueda contemplar,
 Que si mis ojos la vèn,
 Mi muerte no penará.

Yà se parte el pagecito,
 Yà se parte, yà se và,
 Llorando de los ojos,
 Que queria rebentar.

Topàra con la Princesa,
 Bien oíreis lo que dirà;
 Ahora es tiempo señora,
 Que hayais de remediar,

“ Tell them that you brave the scaffold,

“ And with glory go to die ;

“ That with this unworthy treatment

“ You without regret comply.”

To the Page Count Claros listen'd,

Glad to find a faithful friend.

“ To the Princess, Page, I'm conscious

“ You will scarce refuse to bend ?

“ Oh ! entreat her when they lead me

“ To the scaffold, there to bleed,

“ That at least she'll deign to see me

“ Suffer for love's erring deed.

“ Then, her lovely sight enjoying,

“ I shall ev'ry pang despise,

“ Whilst I gaze with ardent rapture

“ On her dear enchanting eyes.”

To the beauteous Princess speeding,

Swift the Page pursues his way,

Whilst his eyes, with tears o'erflowing,

Like a spring, his grief betray.

Humbly bowing when he found her,

What he said you soon shall hear ;—

“ Lady, tidings sad I bring you

“ Of the youth you prize so dear,

Que vuestro querido el Conde
Lo llevan à degollar.

La Infanta, que aquesto oyera,
En tierra muerta fue à dàr,
Damas, dueñas, y doncellas
No la pueden retornar,

Hasta que llegó su haya,
La que fuera à criar.
Que es aquesto, la Infanta,
Aquesto que puede estar ?

Hay triste de mi mesquina !
Que no sé que puede estar,
Que si al buen Conde matan,
Yo me iré à desesperar.

Saliesedes vos mi hija,
Saliesedeslo à quitar.

Yà se parte la Infanta,
Yà se parte, yà se vâ;
Fuerase para el mercado,
A donde lo han de sacar,
Vido estar el cadahalso,
En que lo han de degollar.

“ On the scaffold must he suffer,
 “ Suffer for your much-lov’d sake :
 “ If you can, for brave Count Claros
 “ Gracious intercession make.”

In a swoon the Princess falling,
 Instant sunk upon the ground,
 And the gentle dames and damsels
 Hasten’d to restore her round.

But, her nurse alone succeeding,
 Calls her back to life again ;
 “ Whence,” cries she, “ my lovely mistress,
 “ Whence this sudden source of pain ?”

“ O for life, for life I care not,
 “ Since the hapless Count must die !
 “ Of all ladies, none so wretched,
 “ None so sore distress’d, as I !”

“ Oh ! away, away, my daughter !
 “ Brave the fiercest, worst alarms ;
 “ To the scaffold fly, and tear him
 “ From the rude barbarians’ arms !”

Like the wind the Princess flying,
 Through the streets pursues her way,
 Where she sees the fatal scaffold,
 And prepar’d the sharp axe lay.

Damas, dueñas, y doncellas,
Que lo salen à mirar.
Vido venir gente de armas,
Que lo traen à degollar ;

Los pregoneros delante,
Por sa yerro publicar,
Con el poder de la gente,
Ella no podia passar.

Apartaos gente de armas,
Todos me haced lugar,
Sino por vida del Rey,
Que à todos mande matar.

La gente que la conoce,
Luego le hacen lugar,
Hasta que llegó al Conde,
Y le comenzò de hablar.

Esforzad, esforzad el Conde,
Y no quieras desmayar,
Que aunque yo pierda la vida,
La vuestra se ha de salvar.

El Alcalde que esto oyera,
Comenzò de caminar,
Vase para los Palacios,
Adonde el buen Rey está.

Gentle dames and lovely damsels
 Forth to see Count Claros go,
 And, in sad procession marching,
 Form a train o'ercome with woe.

Heralds first, his crime proclaiming,
 March'd th' unhappy Count before,
 Follow'd by a troop so num'rous,
 Scarce she cou'd her path explore.

“ Guards, give way ! give way this instant !
 “ By my father's life I swear,
 “ He shall die that to obstruct me
 “ Does with bold presumption dare !”

When the soldiers heard the Princess,
 Whilst aloud she boldly cry'd,
 Room to pass they freely left her,
 Drawing all amaz'd aside.

“ Courage ! courage ! brave Count Claros,
 “ Let not fear your heart dismay ;
 “ From the scaffold will I save you,
 “ Though my life the forfeit pay !”

With this speech the Marshal hast'ning,
 Tells it to the wond'ring King,
 Who with deep attention hears him
 News of such strange import bring.

Venga muy presto su Alteza,
 Apriessa, y no de vagar,
 Que ha salido la Infanta
 Para el Conde nos quitar.

Los unos manda que maten,
 Y los otros ahorcar ;
 Si vuestra Alteza no acude,
 No lo puedo remediar.

El Rey que aquesto oyera,
 Comenzò de caminar,
 Y fuese para el mercado,
 Donde el Conde ha de hallar.

Què es aquesto, la Infanta,
 Aquesto que puede estar ?
 La sentencia que yo he dado
 Vos la quereis revocar ?

Yo os juro por mi Corona,
 Y por mi cetro Real,
 Que si heredero tuviesse,
 Que me huviesse de heredar.
 Que à vos, y al Conde Claros,
 Vivos os haria quemar.
 Que vos me mateis señor,
 Muy bien me podeis matar ;
 Mas suplico à vuestra Alteza,
 Que si quiera acordar,
 De los servicios passados.
 Reynaldos de Montalvàn,

“ Sire, delay not to the scaffold
“ Rais’d amidst the spacious square,
“ By the Count the Princess standing,
“ Shouts to ev’ry soldier there,

“ ‘ Guards, give way ! who dares to touch him,
“ ‘ By my father’s life I swear,
“ ‘ Instant vengeance shall pursue him !
“ ‘ Wisely let him, then, forbear !’

“ Urgent is the case, so urgent,
“ That no doubt she’ll tear him thence.”
At these words the Emp’ror, rising,
Did his hasty march commence.

When he came, he cry’d, “ O daughter,
“ What does all this tumult mean ?
“ Dare you thus oppose my mandate
“ By this strange outrageous scene ?

“ By my royal crown and sceptre,
“ Had I but another heir,
“ Both the Count and you should suffer,
“ Neither shou’d my vengeance spare !”

“ Slay me, father ! freely slay me !
“ Take the life you gave away !
“ But Rinaldo’s faithful service
“ Do not so unkindly pay.

Que muriò en las batallas
 Por tu Corona ensalzar ;
 Por lo que el padre sirviò
 Al hijo galardonar.

Por mal querer de traydores,
 Vos no lo debeis matar,
 Que su muerte serà causa
 Que me layais de disfamar.

Mas suplico à vuestra Alteza,
 Que si quiera aconsejar,
 Que los Reyes con furor
 No deben de sentenciar.

Porque el Conde es de linage
 Del Reyno mas principal ;
 Porque èl era de los Doce,
 Que à una mesa comen pan.

Sus amigos, y parientes
 Todos te querian mal,
 Y rebolverante guerras,
 Tus Reynos se perderàn.

El buen Rey que aquesto oyera,
 Comenzàra de hablar ;
 Consejo os pido los mios,
 Que me querais consejar.

“ For your sake, in glorious battle
 “ Recollect he bravely dy’d :
 “ Shall his son be thus rewarded ?
 “ O not so ! not so !” she cry’d.

“ Let not false deceitful traitors
 “ Bring him to this cruel strait ;
 “ Infamy your daughter cov’ring,
 “ Will be her eternal fate.

“ Sire, in mercy deign to listen,
 “ And his forfeit life restore !
 “ Kings should never act with passion
 “ Which they oft too late deplore.

“ Noble is the Count in lineage ;
 “ Where shall we a worthier meet,
 “ Of the Twelve that round one table
 “ Of the same rich viands eat ?

“ All his friends, and all his kindred,
 “ Ill the deep disgrace will bear,
 “ And, by war the kingdom ruin’d,
 “ Be no longer worth your care.”

When the King heard this, revolving
 All the matter in his mind,
 “ Friends,” cries he, “ I need your counsel,
 “ And to hearken am inclin’d.”

Luego todos se apartaron,
 Por su consejo tomar ;
 El consejo que acordaron,
 Que lo hayan de perdonar.

Por quitar males, y guerras,
 Por la Princesa afamar ;
 Todos firman el perdon,
 Y el buen Rey le fue à firmar.

Y tambien le aconsejaron,
 Consejo fueron à dàr,
 Pues la Infanta quiere al Conde,
 Con ella haya de casar.

El Rey que aquesto oyera,
 Mandaralo desherrar.

Baxa luego de la mula
 El Arzobispo à desposar.
 Y tomòle de las manos,
 Assi los hizo juntar ;

Los enojos, y pesares
 En placer van à tornar.

From the spot aside retreating,
 For a space the Nobles drew,
 And at length, a pardon voting,
 Soon the King their counsel knew,

Not to wound his daughter's honor,
 And disastrous war to cause :
 Pardon then the Emp'r'or granting,
 Stays the sentence of the laws.

And, moreo'er, the Peers entreat him,
 As the Princess loves the Knight,
 To permit the Count to wed her,
 And Rinaldo's deeds requite.

“ Off then take,” cries he, “ those irons,
 “ With the cords that bind him round,
 “ And in softer fetters let him
 “ Be with my fair daughter bound !”

Then, the good Archbishop calling,
 He their hands delighted joins,
 While each look, to pleasure waking,
 Like the sun so radiant shines.

When the nuptial rites were ended,
 Joy prevail'd instead of woe ;
 Ev'ry past distress forgetting,
 With fond love their bosoms glow.

Su tio al Conde.

No son sino como viento
 Sus malas ciertas esperanzas,
 Que no està solo un momento
 Entero su pensamiento
 Sin hacer dos mil mudanzas :

Su querer son mil querellas
 Por peor galardonar,
 Enojos dàn por placeres,
 Que firmeza de mugeres
 No puede mucho durar.

Responde el Conde.

Dexemos señor las armas,
 Dentro del tronco vengamos,
 Nuestras honras, nuestras famas,
 Es cierto que por las damas,
 Los tenemos, y cobramos.

Por donde sin mas decir,
 Ni las armas apartar,
 Aqui quiero concluir,
 Que yo quiero mas morir,
 Que no dexarlas de amar.



The Count's Uncle to his Nephew.

Like the wind, your hopes, inconstant,
 Ne'er for one sole moment rest,
 For a thousand changes follow
 Still to chase them from your breast.

E'u fond love, that seem'd so gentle,
 Wears no more a smiling face ;
 Taunts and bitter looks, succeeding,
 Drive him from his wonted place.

Such is woman's love, so fickle
 That it never rests the same.

The Count's Reply.

What are arms compar'd with woman ?
 What is honor, what is fame ?

For her sake we often keep them,
 Oft recover when they're lost.
 Why, then, shou'd my wand'ring bosom
 Be with endless fancies tost ?

Cease, oh ! cease now to persuade me,
 Nought my steady soul shall move :
 Arms and fame till death I'll cherish,
 Woman never cease to love.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS.

—
PARTE PRIMERA.
—

POR la parte donde vido
Mas sangrienta la batalla,
Se metia Montesinos
Llana de augustia, y saña.

ANCIENT BALLADS
OR
MONTESINOS,
&c.

THESE Ballads of Montesinos, Durandarte, and Belerma, are mentioned in the 6th chapter of the 2d book and 2d part of Don Quixote, in the famous visit the Knight pays to the Cave of Montesinos in La Mancha; to which we refer the reader. But at the same time must not omit to mention, that the Ballad of Durandarte, which Mr. Lewis translated, is to be found in a small volume of Romances in the possession of R. Heber, Esq., being the only one relative to the Twelve Peers of France in that book.

PART FIRST.

BALLAD OF MONTESINOS.

MID the thickest of the battle,
Where he sees the tumult rage,
Flies the gallant Montesinos,
Still impatient to engage.

Quantos con la lanza encuentra,
 A tierra los derrivaba,
 La yegua tambien ayuda,
 Que à muchos atropellaba.

Lugar le hacen, como à toro
 Por do quiera que passaba ;
 Echò el enojo Montesinos,
 Por todo el campo miraba.

Viò un Moro esforzado,
 Que mucho se aventajaba ;
 Un alfange trae el Moro,
 Teñido en sangre de Francia.

Este es aquel Albenzayde,
 Que entre todos tiene fama ;
 Caballero en una yegua
 Herinosa, rucia, y manchada.

Como le viò Montesinos,
 Encendido en ira, y saña,
 Diò de espuelas à la yegua,
 Y en los pechos le incontrrà.

Y fue tan recio el encuentro,
 Que à tierra lo derrivaba,
 Del golpe que diò en el suelo
 Hizo pedazos la lanza ;

All that his strong arm encounters
In a moment he o'erthrows ;
Well his noble steed assists him,
Beating down the numerous foes.

As to some fierce bull grown furious,
Room where'er he turns they yield,
Not less fierce does Montesinos
Dart like lightning round the field ;

And a huge Moor sees before him,
Who in daring feats excell'd,
Steep'd in blood of France his sabre,
And with pride his bosom swell'd.

'Twas the mighty Albenzayde,
Who a fame illustrious bore ;
Mounted on a beauteous charger,
Dapple-grey, advanc'd the Moor.

Soon as Montesinos ey'd him,
With still deeper rage he burn'd ;
Spurr'd his fiery steed to meet him,
And his pointed jav'lin turn'd.

Dreadful was the dire encounter ;
As he flung him to the ground,
His strong lance, to pieces shiver'd,
Gave a sure and mortal wound.

No le quedò à Montesinos
Sino un pedazo de asta ;
Como se viò de tal suerte,
Por todo el campo miraba.

Viò la batalla rompida,
Sus gentes desbarratadas,
Y la Flor de Lises de oro,
Los Moros las arrastraban.

No vè golpe de Oliveros,
Ni oye al Señor de Braña,
Cubierto de sangre, y polvo,
Se salió de la batalla,

En busca de Durandarte,
Que de lexos divisaba,
Que con heridas de muerte
De la batalla escapaba.

In the hand of Mountesinos,
See, the stump alone remains !
When he found the weapon useless,
Round he view'd the hostile plains.

There he saw his army ruin'd,
And his soldiers overthrown,
All the fleurs de lys lie scatter'd,
In the pow'r of Moors alone.

He no more brave Oliveros,
Nor the Lord of Braña, spies ;
When, with blood and dust all cover'd,
From the fatal field he hies ;

Gallant Durandarte seeking,
Who had long retir'd afar,
With a mortal wound retreating
From the dreadful scene of war.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS y DURANDARTE.

—
PARTE SEGUNDA.
—

Por el rastro de la sangre
Que Durandarte dexaba,
Caminaba Montesinos
Por un aspera montaña.

A la hora que camina
Aun no era bien de mañana,
Las campanas de París
Tocan la señal del Alva.

Como viene de la guerra,
Traq las armas destrozadas,
Solo en la mano derecha
Traq un pedazo de lanza.

BALLAD

or

MONTESINOS and DURANDARTE.

—
PART SECOND.
—

By the blood of Durandarte,
By the track he left behind,
O'er a mountain Montesinos,
Rough and steep, his path inclin'd.

Forward as he pensive journey'd,
Scarce had beam'd the morning ray,
When the bells of Paris sounding
Told the early dawn of day.

Hewn to pieces was his armour,
Soil'd with blood, no longer bright ;
But his left hand held the bridle,
And his spear's poor half his right :

De àzia la parte del cuento,
Que el hierro allà lo dexaba
En el cuerpo de Albenzayde,
Un Moro de gran fama.

Trae aquesta asta el Frances,
Porque le sirva de vara,
Para hacer andar la yegua,
Que la llevaba causada.

Mirando iba la yerva,
Como estaba ensangrentada ;
Saltos le dà el corazon,
Y sospechas le dà el alma ;

Pensando si seria alguno
De los amigos de Francia,
Confuso en esta sospecha
Azia una haya caminaba :

Viò un Caballero tendido,
Que parece que le llama,
Dale voces que se llegue,
Que el alma se le arrancaba.

No le conoce el Francès,
Por mucho que le miraba,
Porque le turban la vista
Las cintas de la zelada.

For its fellow-half lay bury'd
In the bosom of a Moor ;
In the mighty Albenzayde's,
Welt'ring whom he left in gore.

Useless was the broken remnant,
Save to make his charger go ;
Who, fatigu'd, advances forward,
Still with painful step and slow.

All along the greensward trav'ling,
When he saw it stain'd with blood,
Wildly throbb'd his manly bosom,
Fear his gen'rous soul subdu'd.

Dreading sore to find some Chieftain,
E'en the dearest of his friends—
Thus in deep suspense remaining,
Tow'rds a lofty hedge he bends.

Stretch'd beneath he found a warrior
Who he thought his name express'd ;
Hark ! again he faintly calls him,
As the life's blood leaves his breast.

Montesinos little knows him,
Though he views the Knight so near,
For his beaver, closely fasten'd,
Will not let his face appear.

Apeòse de la yegua
 Y desarmòle la cara,
 Conociò al primo, que quiso
 En la vida mas que el alma.

Fuele à hacer compagnia
 En las ultimas palabras ;
 El herido habla al sano,
 Y el sano al herido abraza.

Y por no hablarle llorando,
 Detiene un poco la habla ;
 Viendole junto de sì,
 Desta manera le habla.

O mi primo Montesinos,
 Mal nos fue en esta batalla,
 Pues muriò en ella Roldan,
 El marido de Doñalda.

Cautivaron à Guarinos,
 Capitan de nuestra esquadra :
 Heridas tengo de muerte,
 Que el corazon me traspassan.

Lo que os encomiendo primo,
 Lo postrero que rogaba,
 Que quando yo sea muerto,
 Y mi cuerpo estè sin alma :

From his steed at length alighting,
 Anguish seiz'd him, when he found
 'Twas his cousin Durandarte
 Dying of a mortal wound.

When the warriors knew each other,
 Deeply sigh'd each noble breast,
 When his cousin Montesinos
 Durandarte thus address'd :--

(Though, at first, sad sobs prevented
 Ev'ry word he wish'd to say,
 Till his voice, an utt'rance finding,
 Sore bewail'd the fatal day.)

“ Long may France lament this battle,
 “ Her best soldiers strew the plain ;
 “ Brave Count Palatine Orlando
 “ Lies at Roncesvalles slain.

“ Bleeding, too, in pain and misery,
 “ On the dusty ground I lie :
 “ Well I know my wound is mortal ;
 “ Cousin, I must shortly die !

“ But one favor I entreat you,
 “ When my soul to heav'n is fled,
 “ And when fast with sorrow streaming,
 “ Your sad eyes behold me dead,

Me saqueis el corazon
Con esta pequena daga,
Y lo lleveis à Belerma,
La mi linda enamorada.

Y la direis de mi parte,
Muero en esta batalla ;
Que quien muerto se lo embia
Vivo no se lo negàra
Dareisla todas mis tierras
Quantos yo señoreaba,
Que los vienes del Cautivo,
El señor los heredaba.
Estas palabras diciendo,
El alma se le arrancaba.

“ Take my heart out from my body,
“ And to dear Belerma bear ;
“ Tell her, cousin, I consign it
“ To her kind and tender care :

“ Tell her that, in battle dying,
“ 'Twas the last request I made,
• That the heart, which dearly lov'd her,
“ To her arms shou'd be convey'd.

“ All my fair estates I leave her,
“ Say, my friend, they're all her own :”—
Utt'ring this, the fainting hero
· Gave a loud expiring groan.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS y DURANDARTE.

—
PARTE TERCERA.
—

MUERTO yace Durandarte
Debaxa una verde haya,
Con èl està Montesinos
Que à la su muerte se halla.

Haciendole està la fosa
Con una pequeña daga,
Quitandole està el almete,
Desciñendole la espada.

Por el costado siniestro
El corazon le sacàra ;
Assi hablara con èl,
Como quando vivo estaba.

MONTESINOS and DURANDARTE.

PART THIRD.

CLOS'D in death lies Durandarte,
Montesinos sees him die,
And, awhile in sorrow musing,
Heaves a deep distressing sigh.

When he saw him mute and lifeless,
And the warmth his corse forsook,
From his friend his sword and helmet,
And his armour off he took.

Then, with bitter anguish weeping,
He fulfils his last request ;
And, the hero's left side opening,
Takes the heart out from his breast.

Corazon del mas valiente
Que en Francia ceñia Espada,
Ahora sereis llevado,
Adonde Belerma estaba.
Embolviòle en un cendal,
Y consigo lo llevaba :
Entierra primero al primo,
Con gran llanto lamentaba
La su tan temprana muerte,
Y suerte desdichada.
Torna à subir en la yegua,
Su cara en agua bañada,
Ponese luego el almete,
Y muy recio le enlazaba,
No quiera ser conocido
Hasta hacer su embaxada,
Y presentarle à Belerma,
Segun que se lo encargàra,
El sangriento corazon,
Que à Durandarte sacàra.
Camina triste, y penoso,
Ninguna cosa le agrada,
Por do quiere andar la yegua,
Por allí dexa que vaya,
Hasta que entrò por París,
No sabe en què parte estaba,
Derecho vò a los Palacios
Adonde Belerma estaba.

When he saw it lie before him,
 Loud he rais'd the voice of woe :—
 “ Cousin, like a fountain streaming
 “ O'er thy heart my tears shall flow.

“ Never France a warrior boasted
 “ More undaunted in the fight :
 “ Mild in peace, in war a lion ;
 “ Never liv'd a better Knight.

“ To the grave thy corse consigning,
 “ Long thy virtues still shall live ;
 “ But thy heart to fair Belerma
 “ Will I, as thou bad'st me, give.”

Deep he digs the grave, the body
 Leaving to its native clay ;
 Takes a parting look, and, weeping,
 Bears the hero's heart away ;

From all eyes his face concealing
 Till he had Belerma seen ;
 Round his head his helmet fast'ning,
 On he rides with pensive mien ;

And, the gates of Paris ent'ring,
 To Belerma's palace goes,
 To distract her gentle bosom,
 And afflict her soul with woes.

ROMANCE

DE

MONTESINOS Y BELERMA.

—
QUARTA PARTE.
—

EN Francia estaba Belerma,
Alegre y regocijada,
Hablando con sus doncellas,
Como otras veces usaba.

Dice, y afirma jurando,
Entre todas levantada,
Que se juzga ciertamente
La mas bienaventurada
De las damas de su tiempo,
Y qualquier edad passada,
Pues la sirve Durandarte,
Galan muy digno de fama,
Mas gallardo, y gentil hombre,
De quantos ciñen espada.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
MONTESINOS AND BELERMA.

PART FOURTH.

LAUGHING with her damsels round her,
With a gay and sprightly mien,
As in France the fair Belerma
Was in bloom of beauty seen ;

With a playful air she rises,
And with smiles her thoughts express'd,
“ Liv'd there ever yet a lady
“ Like Belerma truly bless'd ?

“ Gallant Durandarte loves me ;
“ Never did a Knight so true
“ Lead his gallant troops to battle,
“ And the stubborn foe subdue.”

Nadie entienda que esto digo
 Por estar enamorada,
 Que cierto que no le viéndo,
 En viendole lo juzgàra.

Nunca aviso y gentileza
 Tuvieron una posada,
 Como aquesta que la tiene
 En lo mejor de mi alma.

Y diciendo estas razones
 Cayò en tierra desmayada,
 Mas bolviendo en sì Belerma
 De esta manera hablaba :
 Què es aquesta amigas mias,
 Algun mal se me acercaba,
 Que nunca mi corazon
 Aquestas muestras me daba,
 Sin que luego ciertamente
 Me acuda alguna desgracia.

Bolviò sus ojos Belerma,
 Que mil perlas destilaba,
 Viò venir à Montesinos
 De la infeliz batalla,

Partial lest that some might deem her,
She in calmer voice exclaim'd,
“ Not as one enamour'd speaking
“ Have I Durandarte nam'd.

“ Ev'ry eye that sees the hero
“ Must his gen'rous worth confess ;
“ Matchless in the field of battle,
“ Nor in noble lineage less.

“ Courteous, gentle, and engaging ;
“ Cou'd a maid her love control,
“ While his image reign'd triumphant
“ In the inmost of her soul ?”

As she spoke, Belerma fainted,
Falling back upon the floor ;
But, recov'ring, thus she utter'd,—
“ Evil sure is nigh the door !

“ Never so my heart misgave me,
“ Never felt such throbbing pain ;
“ It forebodes some strange disaster
“ I am fated to sustain.”

Pearly tears her eyes distilling,
Round she turn'd, and from the fight,
Slowly and fatigu'd approaching,
Montesinos met her sight.

Con el rostro mustio, y triste,
 La color desemejada ;
 Trae escrito en su semblante
 La nueva que reportaba.

Llegò do està Belerma,
 De rodillas se postraba ;
 Quiere hablar, y no acierta,
 Y quando acierta no osaba.

Mas al fin con poco aliento,
 Dice con la voz turbada ;
 Nuevas te traygo señora,
 Que son de grande desgracia.

Primero que me las digas,
 La dama le replicaba,
 Què es de tu querido primo ?
 Donde està ? Còmo quedaba ?

Muerto queda mi señora
 Debaxo una verde haya ;
 Veis aqui su corazon,
 Yo mismo se lo sacàra ;

Porque al punto de la muerte
 La palabra me tomàra,
 Porque viesses tu señora,
 Quanto dèl eres amada.

Pale and sad the hero's visage,
All its ancient lustre fled ;
On it wrote the dire misfortune
That Belerma seem'd to dread.

On his knees he bent before her,
Pitying much the weeping fair ;
Fain had spoke, but could not utter,
When he cou'd, he did not dare.

With a sigh his voice recov'ring,
“ Hark !” he cries, in accents low ;
“ News I bring you, lovely lady,
“ News of deep affliction woe !”

“ O ! say first,” cry'd fair Belerma,
Full of sad foreboding fear,
“ Where's your cousin Durandarte ?
“ Where he stays ? and why not here ?”—

“ Cold beneath a green hedge lying,
“ Cold I left the hapless youth :
“ Lo ! his heart, he bade me bring it
“ To confirm his plighted truth.

“ Deeply wounded, just expiring,
“ 'Twas his dying last request,
“ Lest the rav'ous birds should tear it,
“ That I'd take it from his breast :

Y porque aves ningunas,
Indignas de tal vianda,
No comiessen corazon,
Donde estabas tu fixada ;

Al qual podrás hacer honra,
Que él en vida deseaba.

“ Lest those worthless guests should banquet

“ Where your lovely image lay,

“ I fulfill’d this painful service,

“ And have brought the heart away.

“ Ev’ry honor, ev’ry tribute,

“ That you might in life design,

“ Now, fair lady, you may pay it,

“ For this heart did your’s enshrine.”

ROMANCE

DE

B E L E R M A.

—
PARTE QUINTA.
—

SOBRE el corazon difunto
Belermá estaba llorando,
Lagrimas de roxa sangre,
Que las de agua hicieron cabo.

El cabello de oro fino,
De messar enherizado ;
Las manos hechas un nudo,
El cuerpo todo temblando.

Quando viò aquel corazon,
Estando en él contemplando,
De nuevas gotas de sangre
Estaba todo bañado.

BALLAD
OF
BELERMA.

PART FIFTH.

O'ER the heart Belerma weeping,
Did her fatal loss deplore ;
Tears of blood her eyes fast streaming,
Watery tears would flow no more.

Her fine flaxen hair dishevell'd,
All its beauteous tresses torn ;
Clasping both her hands together,
Long she does in silence mourn,

As she view'd the heart before her,
As she fondly view'd it round,
With fresh drops of blood 'twas cover'd,
Slowly falling on the ground.

Corazon de mi señor
Durandarte muy preciado,
En los amores dichoso,
Y en batallas desdichado.

Quien os traxo ante mis ojos,
Tanta crudel�ad usando,
No debia de saberlo.
Corazon que estas pegado

Con aqueste triste mío,
Pues yo os pagaré llorando:
Assi ha quedado Belerma
Vencida de un gran desmayo.

“ Precious heart of Durandarte,
“ Heart of him I lov’d so well !
“ Blest in love, but cross’d in battle,
“ Where the bleeding hero fell :

“ He, alas ! that hither brought thee,
“ Was, though passing cruel, kind :
“ All thy fond and faithful service
“ Rushes fresh upon my mind.

“ Well will I repay thy service,
“ Though from me all comfort’s fled !”
Utt’ring this, the weeping maiden
Like a willow bow’d her head.

ROMANCE

DEL

VIEJO.

POR la matanza vâ el viejo,
 Por la matanza adelante,
 Los brazos lleva cansados
 De los muertos rodear.

Vido à todos los Franceses,
 Y no visto à Don Beltràñ ;
 Siete veces echan suerte,
 Quien lo bolvera à buscar.

Echan las tres con malicia,
 Las quatro con gran maldad :
 Todos siete le cupieron
 A su buen padre carnal.

Buelve riendas al cavallo,
 Y él se lo buelve à buscar,
 De noche por el camino,
 De dia por el jaral.

BALLAD
OR
BERTRAM'S FATHER.

THIS Ballad belongs likewise to the Battle of Roncesvalles, but is not particularly mentioned in *Don Quixote*. Perhaps this Bertram is the son of the gentleman so frequently mentioned, "Count Bertram, call'd the Old."

SLOWLY through the field of battle,
Through the field where heroes bled,
Goes th' old Man, his arms are weary,
Turning of the numerous dead.

O'er and o'er he view'd the Frenchmen,
Bertram still he cou'd not spy :
Sev'n times cast they lots to seek him,
Who shou'd with the task comply.

Fortune shews in three her malice,
And on four she set a spell ;
All the seven on his father,
On his luckless father, fell.

Now he gives his horse the bridle,
And pursues his lonely way ;
On the road by night he travels,
Seeks him on the heath by day.

Vido estar en esto un Moro,
 Que velaba en un adarve,
 Hablòle en Algaravia,
 Como aquel que bien lo sabe,

Caballero de armas blancas,
 Si lo viesse acà passar,
 Si lo tienes preso, Moro,
 De oro te lo pesarà :

Y si tu le tienes muerto,
 Desmelo para enterrar,
 Porque el cuerpo sin el alma
 Muy poco debe costar.

Esse caballero, amigo,
 Dime tu, què señas ha ?
 Armas blancas son las suyas,
 Y el caballo es Alazàn :

Y en el carillo derecho
 El tenia un señal,
 Que siendo niño pequeño,
 Se la hizo un gavilàn.
 Esse caballero amigo,
 Muerto esta en aquel pradal,
 Dentro en el agua los pies,
 Y el cuerpo en un arenal ;
 Siete lanzadas tenia,
 Cada una era mortal.

On a lofty turret watchiug,
He at length a Moor espy'd,
And in Arabic address'd him ;
Thus the aged warrior cry'd :—

“ Saw you, Moor, a noble Captain,
“ One that's clad in armour bright ?
“ Gold I'll give you for his ransom,
“ If a pris'ner seiz'd in fight.

“ But if slain, his body give me,
“ In the hallow'd ground to rest.
“ What without the soul the body ?
“ Poor the favor I request !”

“ Friend, describe the Knight you're seeking,
“ Him you fear some ill betides ?”—
“ White the colour of his armour,
“ On a sorrel steed he rides.

“ In the cheek he once was wounded,
“ Where the mark is still display'd ;
“ When a little boy, through anger
“ By a rav'ning goss-hawk made.”—

“ In yon meadow, cold and lifeless,
“ Lies the Knight you wish to greet :
“ In a sand-pit lies his body,
“ In the water lie his feet.”

ROMANCE

DE LA

BATALLA DE RONCESVALLES.

MALA la visteis Franceses,
La caza de Roncesvalles,
Don Carlos perdiò la honra,
Murieron los Doce Pares.

Cautivaron à Guarinos,
Almirante de la Mar,
Los siete Reyes de Moros
Fueron en su cautivar.

Siete veces echan suerte
Por ver quien lo ha de llevar,
Todos siete le cupieron
A Marlotes el Infante.

Mas lopreciaba Marlotes,
Que Arabia con su ciudad ;
Dicele desta manera,
Empezole de hablar.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF THE
BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.

THIS is the Ballad mentioned in *Don Quixote*, together with the Ballad of Calainos. Had it related wholly to the battle of Roncesvalles, it would have been introduced before the last six; but it alludes to an event that happened seven years after, for which reason it is placed last in the list.

ILL you far'd at Roncesvalles,
Frenchmen, fate your glory cross'd;
There your Peers in battle perish'd,
There your King his honor lost.

And your Admiral Guarinos
Fell a captive to the Moor;
Sev'n the Moorish Kings that seiz'd him,
And their prize in triumph bore.

Sev'n times cast they lots to win him,
Prince Marlotes won them all:
Sev'n times to the brave Infanté
Fortune bids the pris'ner fall.

More he priz'd the noble warrior
Than Arabia highly blest,
With its rich and royal city,
When Guarinos he address'd:—

Por Alà ruego Guarinos,
 Moro te quieres tornar,
 De los bienes deste mundo
 Yo te quiero dàr assaz ;

Y dos hijas que yo tengo
 Tambien te las quiero dàr,
 La una para vestir,
 Para el vestir, y el calzar :
 La otra para muger,
 Tu muger la natural.

Darète en arras, y dote
 Arabia con su Ciudad,
 Si mas quisieres Guarinos,
 Mucho mas te quiero dàr.

Alli hablara Guarinos,
 Bien oireis lo que dirà ;
 No lo mande Dios del Cielo,
 Ni à tal cosa dè lugar,

Que dexe la Fè de Christo
 Por la de Mahonia tomar,
 Yue yà tengo esposa en Francia,
 Con ella pienso casar.

Marlotes con grande enojo
 En carcel lo mando echar,
 Con esposas en las manos,
 Porque pierde el pelear ;
 El agua hasta la cinta
 Por hacerle mas pelear.

“ For the love of Alla, listen,
 “ And the Moorish faith embrace ;
 “ Loaded then with wealth and honor,
 “ Thou shalt far excel thy race.

“ Then my daughters will I give thee,
 “ Daughters twain, their father’s pride ;
 “ One to robe thee, and the other
 “ For thy fair and faithful bride :

“ All Arabia for her portion,
 “ And its pleasant city too ;
 “ More if you shall ask, Guarinos,
 “ More I promise yet to do.”

Thus the gallant Chieftain answer’d,
 You shall soon hear what he said :—
 “ God himself, great King, forbids it,
 “ And his high behests I dread.

“ Christ’s pure faith forbids to leave it,
 “ And on Mahomet rely ;
 “ Neither can I wed your daughter,
 “ For in France a spouse have I.”

At this speech, enrag’d, Marlotes
 In a furious passion flew,
 And, his hands ignobly shackling,
 In the pris’n Guarinos threw ;

Siete quintales de hierro,
Desde el hombre al carcañal ;
Tres fiestas que hay en el año,
Le mandaban justiciar.

La una en Pasqua Granada,
La otra en Navidad,
La otra en Pasqua de Flores,
Essa fiesta general.

Passan dias, vienen dias,
Venido era San Juan,
Quandos Christianos, y Moros
Hacen gran solemnidad.

Los Christianos echan juncia,
Y los Moros arrayan,
Y los Judios encaas,
Por las fiestas mas honrar.

Marlotes con alegría
Un tablado mandó armar,
El altura que tenía
Al cielo quiere llegar.

And with pond'rous iron loads him
 From the shoulders to the feet ;
 Thrice too in the year condemns him
 Stripes of open shame to meet :

At the Beiram, then at Christmas,
 And at Easter-tide again :
 Still, as they revolve, Guarinos
 Groans beneath afflicting pain.

Days were come, and days were over,
 "Twas St. John's illustrious day,
 When the Moors, the Jews, and Christians,
 Fêtes and solemn rites display :

Moors wear sumptuous robes of gala,
 Reeds the gallant Christians throw,
 And, the festive day to honour,
 Jews the streets with rushes strew.

Then Marlothes, for his pastime,
 Rais'd a * trophy fair and high ;
 Tow'ring with stupendous grandeur,
 Lo ! it reaches to the sky. -

* It does not appear exactly what this game was. The word, I have rendered trophy, signifies apparently a scaffolding, against which they either pushed or threw their lancees, that required great strength and ability to throw down.

Los Moros con regocijo
 Comienzanle de tirar,
 Tira el uno, tira el otro,
 No llegan à la mitad.

Marlotes muy enojado,
 Un pregon mandàra echar,
 Que los chicos no mamassen,
 Ni los grandes comen pan,

Hasta que aquel tablado
 En tierra lo vea està.

Oyò el estruendo Guarinos
 De las carceles dò està :
 O valgame Dios del Cielo,
 Aquesto què puede està ?

O casan hija del Rey,
 O la quieren desposar,
 O era venido el dia
 Que me han de ajusticiar.

Oido el carcelero,
 Que cerca le fue à hallar ;
 No casan hija del Rey
 Ni la quieren desposar ;

Now the Moors, their lances poizing,
 At the lofty trophy aim'd ;
 Not half way they flung : Marlotes
 In a passion then proclaim'd :—

“ To her child the tender mother
 “ Shall not dare the breast to give :
 “ None shall taste of food ; by Alla,
 “ If he does, he shall not live !

“ Till that lofty trophy yonder
 “ To the ground is bravely thrown,
 “ And some Moor, his skill exerting,
 “ Hath his gallant prowess shewn.”

When Guarinos from his prison
 Heard so great a shouting made,
 “ Help me, heav'n !—what means this tumult ?”
 In a trembling voice he said.

“ Or the Princess must be marry'd,
 “ Or a widow left forlorn ;
 “ Or, to grievous stripes that dooms me,
 “ This is some unhappy morn.”

When the Jailer heard Guarinos,
 As perchance he stood beside,
 “ Neither is the Princess marry'd,
 “ For she long has been a bride :

Ni es venida la Pasqua,
 Que te suelen azotar,
 Mas era venido un dia,
 El qual llaman de San Juan.

Marlotes con gran placer
 Un tablado mandò armar,
 El altura què tenia,
 Al cielo queria llegar.

Hanle tirado los Moros,
 No le pueden derribar,
 Marlotes, muy enojado,
 Un pregon mandaba echar,

Que ninguno no comiesse,
 Hasta verlo derribar

Entonces el buen Guarinos
 Tales palabras fue à hablar ;
 Si vos me dais mi caballo,
 Eu que solia passear ;

“ Nor a widow’s garments wears she,
 “ Neither is it Easter-day,
 “ When such grievous stripes you suffer ;
 “ But St. John’s, when all is gay.

“ And Marlotes for his pastime
 “ Hath a trophy rais’d on high ;
 “ Tow’ring with stupendous grandeur,
 “ Lo ! it reaches to the sky.

“ Moors have try’d to prove their valour,
 “ And their lances vainly aim’d :
 “ When Marlotes saw they miss’d it,
 “ In a passion he proclaim’d,

“ ‘ To her child the tender mother
 “ ‘ Shall not dare the breast to give :
 “ ‘ None shall taste of food ; by Alla,
 “ ‘ If he does, he shall not live :

“ ‘ Till that lofty trophy yonder
 “ ‘ To the ground is bravely thrown ;
 “ ‘ And some Moor, his skill exerting,
 “ ‘ Hath his gallant prowess shewn.’ ”

When the valiant Admiral heard it,
 Thus aloud he bravely spoke,—
 “ Let them but the steed restore me
 “ That once glory’d in my yoke ;

Y me diessedes mi lanza,
 Las que solia armar,
 Y me diessedes mi lanza,
 La que solia llevar ;

Aquellos tablados altos
 Entiendolos derribar,
 Y que si no los derribo,
 Mandarme luego matar.

Sonriyòse el carcelero,
 Oìr lo que le dirà ;
 Siete años havia, siete,
 Que estàs en este lugar,

Y dices que tienes fuerza
 Del tablado derribar ?
 Mas esperate Guarinos
 Que yo se lo irè à contar
 Luego à mi señor Marlotes,
 Veamos que me diria.
 Yà se parte el carcelero,
 Yà se parte, yà se và,
 Como fue junto al tablado,
 A Marlotes fue à hablar.

Señor una nueva os traygo,
 Queraismela escuchar ;
 Sabed que aquel prisionero,
 Aquesto dicho me ha,

“ And return the goodly armour
 “ That in fight I us’d to wear ;
 “ And the lance that, lightly poizing,
 “ I was wont in France to bear ;

 “ And the trophy I will fling it
 “ In a moment bravely down :
 “ Let them slay me, if I do not
 “ Thus confirm my past renown.”

Though the Jailer laugh’d to hear him,
 To Guarinos still he cry’d,—
 “ Sev’n long years a wretched captive
 “ Here in prison you abide ;

 “ Yet pretend with strength unrivall’d
 “ This fair trophy down to throw ?
 “ You shall try, for to Marlotes
 “ Will I this bold daring shew.”

In the square he found his master,
 And aloud exclaim’d “ O King,
 “ Deign you but awhile to listen ;
 “ News of strange import I bring.

“ That same captive whom you trusted
 “ In the prison to my care,
 “ When he heard you rais’d this trophy,
 “ Tow’ring high aloft in air,

Que si le dàn su caballo
En quien solia andar,

Y si le diessen sus armas,
Con que solia armar,

Aquestos tablados altos
Entiendieles derribar.

Marlotes que aquesto oyera,
De allì lo mandò sacar,
Solo por ver si en caballo
El podria passear.

Mandò que se lo buscassen,
Y allà lo fueron à hallar,
Que siete años havia,
Que andaba tirando cal.

Armaronle de sus armas,
Que bien molhosas estàn.
Marlotes desque lo vido,
Casi à modo de burlar,

“ Though sev’n years in chains remaining,
 “ Yet hath thus undaunted spoke,
 “ ‘ Let them but the steed restore me
 “ ‘ That once glory’d in my yoke ;

 “ ‘ And return the goodly armour
 “ ‘ That in fight I us’d to wear ;
 “ ‘ And the lance that, lightly poizing,
 “ ‘ I was wont in France to bear ;

 “ ‘ And the trophy I will fling it
 “ ‘ In a moment bravely down :
 “ ‘ Let them slay me, if I do not
 “ ‘ Thus confirm my past renown.’ ”

When Marlotes heard the Jailer,
 Forth the hardy Chief was brought,
 And the steed, his master’s glory,
 Was through all the city sought.

Sev’n long years had they condemn’d him,—
 O the weary painful time !—
 In a cart to toil ignobly,
 Drawing weighty loads of lime :

And his armour, too, they gave him,
 Cover’d o’er so thick with rust,
 That Marlotes laugh’d to see him
 Thus preparing for the joust.

Dice que vaya al tablado,
Y lo quiera derribar.

Guarinos con grande furia
Un encuentro le fue à dàr,
Que mas de la mitad dèl
En el suelo fuera à echar.

Los Moros quando le vieron
Quisieronle allì matar ;
Guarinos como esforzado
Comenzò de pelear :

Mas los Moros eran tantos,
Que el Sol querian quitar,
Peleàra de tal suerte,
Que al fin huvo de escapar :

Y assi se passò à su tierra,
A Francia la natural :
Quien dirà el placer que huvieron
Quando le vieron llegar.

“ And is this the famous warrior,
“ This the gallant Cavalier,
“ That pretends in strength to rival
“ All my valiant Nobles here ?”

In a furious rage Guarinos
Dealt so rude a vig’rous blow,
That above one half the trophy
To the ground came thund’ring low.

Fierce as angry lions tow’rds him
Tribes of Moors transported flew,
But Guarinos in a moment
Many a hardy Chieftain slew.

Still the Moors pour’d on so num’rous,
’Twas in vain to dare the fight :
Spurring then his gen’rous charger,
Soon he fled beyond their sight.

When in France they saw the warrior
To his native soil restor’d,
Ev’ry heart rejoic’d, and feasting
Crown’d the Emperor’s royal board.

ROMANCE
DEL
REY MORO,

Que perdiò à Valencia.

HELO, helo por do viene
El Moro por la calzada,
Caballero à la gineta,
Encima de una yegua vaya :

Boreeguies morroquies,
Espuela de oro calzada,
Una adarga ante sus pechos,
Y en su mano una azagaya.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD
OF
THE CID AND MOORISH KING,
Who lost Valencia.

THERE are few heroes so famous both in history and romance as the Cid of whom we are now speaking, whose true name was Rodrigo de Bivar. He recovered Valencia from the Moors, but it was again lost after his death, for a short space only ; for it was recaptured, and never again submitted to their yoke. Among the numerous romances concerning the Cid, this was the only one found in company with the Twelve Peers; and possibly, for this reason, it may be that mentioned in Don Quixote, though his name and actions are frequently alluded to.

LOOK, look, on the causey yonder
Rides the Moorish King this way ;
Like a trim light horseman mounted
On his mare, a glossy bay.

Round his legs Morocco buskins,
On his heels gold spurs he wears ;
On his breast a shining target ;
In his hand a lance he bears.

Mirando estaba Valencia,
 Como estaba bien cercada;
 O Valencia, O Valencia,
 De mal fuego seas quemada!

Primero fuistes de Moros
 Que de Christianos ganada,
 Si la lanza no me miente
 A Moros serás tornada.

Aquel perro de aquel Cid
 Prenderlohe por la barba,
 Su muger Doña Ximena
 Será de mi cautivada.

Su hija Urraca Hernandez
 Será mi enamorada,
 Despues de yo harto della
 Entregarlahe à mi compaña.

El buen Cid no está tan lexos,
 Que todo bien lo escuchaba:
 Venid vos acá mi hija,
 La mi hija Doña Urraca:

Dexad las ropas continuas,
 Y vestid ropas de Pasqua,
 Aquel Moro que aqui viene,
 Detenedmele en palabras,

At Valencia is he looking,
How 'tis strongly circled round.
“ O Valencia, O Valencia,
“ Fire consume thee to the ground !

“ Once to valiant Moors belong'st thou,
“ Now the Christians o'er thee reign :
“ If my lance doth not deceive me,
“ Moors shall be thy Lords again.

“ That vile dog the Cid I'll take him
“ By the beard, though ne'er so brave ;
“ And his wife Ximena quickly
“ Shall she bow my humble slave.

“ But his daughter, fair Urraca,
“ For my mistress I intend ;
“ When I have enough enjoy'd her,
“ Then I'll give her to my friend.”

All this heard the Cid, who, list'ning,
Stood behind the city wall.
“ Hither, hither, my Urraca ;
“ Daughter, 'tis your father's call.

“ Off your daily robes, and quickly
“ Put your Sunday garments on ;
“ Keep this haughty Moor in converse,
“ Whilst I arm myself anon.

Mientras yo ensillo Babieca,
 Y me ciño la mi espada.
 La doncella muy hermosa
 Se parò à la ventana.

El Moro desque la vido
 Desta suerte le hablara ;
 Alà te guarde, señora,
 Mi señora, Doña Urraca.

Assi haga à vos señor,
 Buena sea vuestra llegada ;
 Siete años ha Rey, siete,
 Que soy vuestra enamorada.

Otros tantos ha, señora,
 Que os tengo dentro mi alma.
 Ellos estando en aquesto
 El buen Cid que assomaba,

A Dios, à Dios, mi señor,
 La mi linda enamorada,
 Que del Caballo Babicca,
 Yo bien oygo la parada.

Do la yegua pone el pie,
 Babieca pone la pata.
 Alli hablara el Caballero,
 Bien oireis lo que hablara :

“ I must saddle my Babieca,
“ And my sword about me gird.”
To the window came Urraca,
When her father’s voice she heard.

When the gallant Moor perceiv’d her,
You shall soon hear what he said :—
“ Alla guard thee, fair Urraca !
“ Alla guard thee, lovely maid !”

“ Welcome ! welcome !” cry’d the lady ;
“ Glad am I to see you here :
“ Sev’n long years have I esteem’d you,
“ Sev’n long years have held you dear.”

“ Just so many, lovely lady,
“ In my loyal breast you reign.”
Whilst the Moorish King was parleying,
Came the noble Cid again.

“ Farewel, my true love,” she answer’d ;
“ I must go : adieu ! adieu !
“ Hark ! it is Babieca’s master,
“ Loud doth he inquire for you.”

Where the mare her foot sets nimbly,
There Babieca sets his own ;
Thus the Cid, with sorrow grieving,
Made his deep vexation known :—

Reventar debia la Madre
Que à su hijc no esperaba !
Siete veces la rodea
Al rededor de una gata.

Mas la yegua era ligera,
Muy adelante passaba,
Hasta llegar càbe el rio
Adonde una barca estaba.
El Moro desque la vido
Con ella se bien holgaba ;
Grandes gritos dà al barquero,
Que le allegasse la barca.
El barquero es diligente
Tienesela aparejada,
Embarcò muy presto en ella,
Que no se detuvo nada.
Estando el Moro embarcado,
El buen Cid llegò al agua,
Y viendo al Moro en salvo
De eorage rebentaba ;
Mas eon la furia que tenia
Una lanza le arrojaba,
Diciendole, recoged yerno,
Recoged aquessa lanza,
Que quizà tiempo vendrà
Que os serà bien demandada.

Fin.

“ May the mother burst that will not
“ Wait her loving son’s embrace !”
Sev’n times doth he nearly catch him,
Swiftly as he holds the chase.

But the mare was young and active ;
To the river side she came,
Where a boat was moor’d ; rejoicing,
Thus the King did loud exclaim :—

“ Boatman ! boatman ! hither, hither !
“ Time admits of no delay :”
Leaps the King in haste within it,
And the boatman rows away.

When the Cid came nigh the river,
And perceiv’d the Moor was safe,
Fury, in his bosom rising,
Did his noble spirit chafe ;

But he whirl’d his sharp lance at him,
And exclaim’d, with high disdain,—
“ Son-in-law, expect me shortly
“ To demand the lance again.”

The End.

SPANISH BOOKS,

Sold by T. BOOSEY, 4, Old Broad Street; and T. RODD, 2, Great Newport Street, Long Acre.

CONNELLY's GRAMATICA DE LA LENGUA INGLESA, que contiene reglas Faciles para su Pronunciacion y aprenderla Metodicamente con Muchas Observaciones, y Notas criticas de los mas celebres Autores Ingleses. 8vo, boards, 7s.

DICCIONARIO DE LA LENGUA CASTELLANA DE LA ACADEMIA, abridged. Folio, bound,

DON QUIXOTE, new Edition, by Fernandez. 4 vol. 12mo, sewed, 16s.

FLORESTA ESPANOLA; or Select Passages in Prose, extracted from the best Spanish Authors, ancient and modern: new Edition, carefully corrected. 12mo, boards, 5s 6d.

FERAUD's SPANISH GRAMMAR, in Five Parts, on a new Plan; to which are also added, the Treasure of the Spanish and English Languages, Idioms used in Trade, Commercial Letters, &c. &c. 8vo, bound, 9s.

FERAUD's EXERCISES to the same. 3s 6d.

JOSSE's GRAMMAIRE ESPAGNOLE RAISONNEE, contenant un Traite de Pronunciation fonde sur les regles Etablies, par l'Academie de Madrid; et augmentee des Synonymes de la Langue Espanole: nouvelle Edition. 8vo, sewed, 10s 6d.

JOSSE's COURS DE THEMES ESPAGNOLS. 12mo, sewed, 3s 6d.

GIL BLAS, corrected by Fernandez. 4 vol. 12mo, sewed, 16s.

MORDENTE's SPANISH GRAMMAR, with a copious Vocabulary, Dialogues, &c.; to which are added a Commercial Correspondence, Fables, Prose and Poetical Extracts: new Edition, 12mo, bound, 6s.

MORDENTE's EXERCISES, adapted to his Grammar. 12mo, 5s.

PORTUGUESE BOOKS.

CHIRESTOMATIIA PORTUGUEZA; or, Collection of Elegant Extracts from the most modern Portuguese Authors (just imported). 8vo, sewed, 9s.

GIL BRAS DE SANTILIANA, traducida em Portuguez, pelo Fernandez. 4 vol. 18mo, sewed, 14s.

HISTORIA DE PORTUGAL, composta em Inglez por uma Sociedade de Literatos; transladada em vulgar, por H. J. Da Costa. 3 vol. 12mo, sewed, 15s.

VYERA's PORTUGUESE AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, abridged, pocket size. Boards, 10s 6d.

In the Press, and shortly will be published,

EL DIABULO COJUELO,

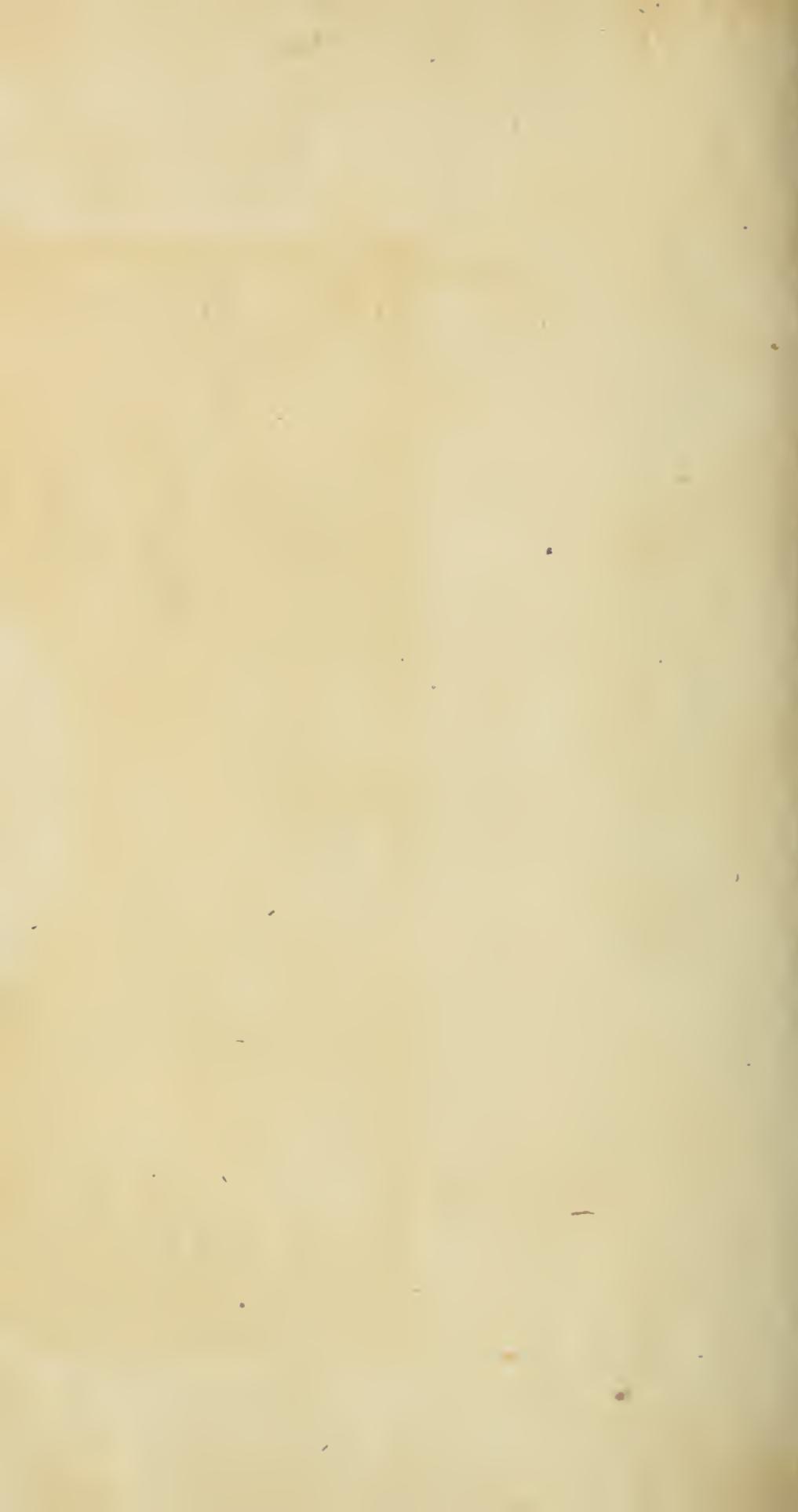
In one volume, 12mo, printed on fine paper, with a beautiful Engraving.

T. BOOSEY is also printing

A Small Catalogue of Spanish Books,

Including some recent Importations from MADRID and CADIZ.

James Compton, Printer, Middle Street,
Cloth Fair, London.



LS.C.
R686h

5505

Author Rodd, Thomas (tr.)

Title History of Charles the Great and Orlando. Vol. 2.

NAME OF BORROWER

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU

